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A "QUIET" CHILD.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Come, Harry, put away your toys,
And take a book, or slate, instead;
I'm quite distracted with your noise,"
The worn and weary mother said.

"Boys are so troublesome and wild,
They keep the house in such a whirl,
I very often wish, my child,
You were a quiet little girl.

"Such comfort as I then might take
With your more gentle, sober ways;
What baby-houses we would make,
Such as I had in my young days.
We'd take a soap-box, nice and clean,
Saw out the windows and the doors,
Partitions put the rooms between,
And lay nice carpets on the floors.

"And when our property increased,
(For at the toy-stores we would shop,)
We built a larger house—at least—
We put another box on top.
And oh, the tiny baby-clothes!
And, oh, the cunning steps and shelves!
They pleased us greatly—I suppose—
Because we made them all ourselves.

"But these are tame and foolish things;
'Most fit for girls,' as any child
Who ever knew pockets full of strings,
And only live in tasks a while.
Why, I have heard my father say,
When thirteen, when a man, he went
Out in the woods, a mile away,
And shouted to his heart's content.

"O Harry, dear, do have a care;
You restless monkey! 'tis no use
For me to speak. Now he's a bear!
A whole menagerie let loose.
Boys are a mystery to me,
And one, I fear, will drive me wild.
Oh, what a comfort he might be,
If he were not a noisy child!"

The days passed on; and shadows fell
O'er many a threshold once so bright,
The chiming of a funeral knell,
Brought darkness deeper than the night.
And she who once made grievous moan.
To boyish sports unreconciled,
Has laid beneath the churchyard-stone,
In death's embrace, her "quiet" child.

There is no racket on the stair,
No sound of any boisterous plays;
The house is still—he is not there,
Who with his sunshine filled the days,
The little bed is like a grave,
Reminding her of loss and pain;
Ah! she'd give the world to have
Her noisy darling back again.

NINON D'ARTOIS;

OR, THE

Shadow of the Guillotine.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER V.

THE UNLOCKING OF A DARK SECRET.

The marquis heard approaching footsteps, and with one final effort he put back the terrible perturbation, and was much like himself when Ninon entered. She did not fly to him, as she might have done, if no cloud had come to dim the glorious sunbeam of the new arrival, but her face was joyous, notwithstanding, and she threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him upon the cheek.

"Papa, he has come—our Louis. O, are you not glad?"

For a single instant it was as though a knife had been plunged into the man's body. He could not mistake the joy-beams upon his daughter's face, nor the warm, soft tremor of her voice. As though it had been written in characters of living light before him, he read the story of her love. But he was used to efforts of self-control, and he very quickly advanced, and greeted the count with a smile, and with words of heartfelt welcome.

"My dear boy! Ah!"—holding the count's hand, and looking into the manly, healthily-embrowned face—"you will be my boy no more. Bless me! how the years have flown. You left me a fair-faced youth, more fit for the salon than for the field, and you return to me a grand-looking man, inured to toil, and danger, and hardship. Louis, I bid you welcome, now for all time—a thousand times, if you please."

Her father's greeting gave Ninon much comfort. Surely, Gideon de Bar could not have left him with any painful load upon his mind, or he would have shown something of it.

Ah! little did she think of the truth—of the fact of the human constitution—that those calamities which come nearest to making death a welcome guest are the ones which can be most surely put entirely out of sight. They are so terrible that they admit of no particle of thought without the presence of the whole great horror; so, from mere force of necessity, the whole is crushed under foot and out of sight. Had it been a lesser evil, Gideon de Bar left the marquis with some simple matter of perplexing business on his mind—some tangle of the law that was calculated to fret and chafe him, he might not have hidden it so easily. As it was, however, as soon as the ice was broken, Philip d'Artois was all smiles and good-humor, the sharp pangs that ever and anon touched him to the heart not being allowed to appear upon the surface.

Louis told the story of his adventures in America, and he could tell them very briefly. He had gone to that country, upon the urgent recommendation of the Marquis de Fayette, to complete his education at Princeton College, in New Jersey. That college had been especially recommended by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Henry Lee, and he had found it all he had been led to expect. Concerning the call that had brought him home, it had not come entirely unexpectedly. Said he:

"I had been thinking very strongly of coming when I received La Fayette's letter. I felt that every true Frenchman should be at his post of duty. Yet, he went on, with a change of tone to grave sadness, "now that I am here, the path of duty is not so plain. I find my paternal estate in ruins, the grand old chateau of twenty generations of Liancourts a pile of charred and blackened debris. And who have done it? The men who rule France to-day. The Assembly is the seat of power, and the Jacobin club rules the Assembly. Is it not so, my lord?"

"It is, Louis; and more, too; but we will talk of that by and by. I want you now to tell me of those good men on the other side of the ocean whom I have learned to love and revere. Tell me of Doctor Benjamin Rush. You made his acquaintance?"

"Most assuredly, and prized it highly."

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GIDEON DE BAR AND THE COUNT D'ARTOIS.

And Louis went on and told of his friends in America, until they were summoned to the banquet-room. As several passed pleasantly, the marquis exerting himself to the utmost, and at its conclusion, Sir Philip laid his hand upon his daughter's head, and said, with a pleasant smile:

"God bless you, Ninon! Ever shone upon you the fortress of the Knights Templars, and guards are stationed over them. The same power—the Revolutionary mob—that imprisoned the king and queen commissioners to the army to preach their incendiary doctrines to the soldiers. La Fayette, as soon as he knew what those commissioners were doing, had them arrested and imprisoned. That was the end of his military rule. He had won the deadly enmity of the murderous mob, and they cried out loudly for his life. His crime was, that he would support the Constitution against anarchy and ruin. He was forced to flee from France to save his life. The treacherous Austrians caught him, and he is now a prisoner in a vile dungeon in Olmutz. There is the noble La Fayette—the man who would give his life to-day for the good of his beloved France. Louis, you must flee."

Our hero sat for some moments in silence. His thoughts were in a bewildering whirl. By and by he suddenly caught his breath, and carried his hand to his brow.

"Sir Philip," he said, speaking in a low tone, but very distinctly, "Gideon de Bar has been with you to-day. What have we to fear from him?"

The marquis uttered a quick, low cry of pain, as though a dagger had pierced his bosom, and a wild, haggard look overspread his face. For a few moments so, and then he started up and paced to and fro across the room, his head bent, and his hands clasped over his vest.

The count saw how terribly he was affected, and, if he could prevent it, he did not mean that d'Artois should regain sufficient composure to close his lips, so he gave another turn to the winding of the clock.

"My dear Marquis, I have not been blind. Do not think that the years have passed and left me ignorant of the fact that Gideon de Bar holds a terrible power over your peace of mind. O! if you would console me—if you would let me help you——"

"Louis!" cried the agonized man, stopping before the youth, and gazing upon him with a wild, dazed expression, "there is no help for me! O! if I could die—if I could, by dying, wipe out the past, I could lay me down to the sacrifice with joy supreme. O! it is dreadful! dreadful!"

Louis de Liancourt found his worst fears realized. He was now sure that de Bar held the fatal power. The youth's next thought was—How was the heartless tyrant using his power? To what end? Enough had been told him, and he had seen enough else, to give direction to his suspicions. He arose to his feet and laid his hand upon the marquis's shoulder.

"Philip d'Artois, answer me the question I shall ask frankly and truly. Answer me as beg—aye, I command! Gideon de Bar has used the power he possesses to extort from you money?"

"Yes," said Sir Philip, eagerly.

"And he has compelled you to lend your political influence to elevate him to office?"

"Yes, yes," but not quite so eagerly as before. Then he had evidently hoped that that was to be the only question, but now it appeared to be not so?"

Aye—for presently de Liancourt went on, with an earnestness that was not to be slighted:

"And now—now, Sir Philip, the man demands the hand of your daughter for his son? He asks you to give Ninon d'Artois to be the wife of Gaston? Is it not so?"

"Oh, Heaven have mercy! Yes!"

And the wretched man sank down into his chair, and buried his face in his hands. His groans were heartrending, and his agony terrible.

Louis sat down and took the marquis's hand, and he spoke with kindness and with infinite tenderness:

"Sir Philip, you are all that is left to me of earth in whom I can repose the love and the trustfulness of a son. Will you not be a father to me? Oh, I will love you with my whole soul, and my whole strength, and I will serve you as I would serve an own, dearly loved parent. Let us help one another. Let us work together. If you will trust me with the story of this most unfortunate situation, I will bind myself by the word of a man that never broke the faith, to keep your secret while you will have it so. I know there could have been no intentional evil—no willing crime—on your part, no matter what the hold may be. Aye—I am not afraid, at this moment, knowing alone what I know, to solemnly avouch for the truth and honor of Philip d'Artois!"

"God bless you, my son!" cried Heaven's cried the marquis, catching Louis's hand, and pressing it to his bosom. "At true a friend as a heaven above us, you might give your word of avouchment without fear."

"Then why not unloose yourself to me, and let me help you to bear the burden? O! you know that I have loved that dear girl well and truly. I love her now with the whole strength of my being, and I have told her so. The declaration burst from my lips as though of its own accord."

"And she—Ninon?" whispered the Marquis, gaspingly, seeming to have his gaze fixed on some object far beyond the then present surroundings.

"My dear Sir Philip, I do not need to tell you where Ninon's heart is. I do not flatter myself when I say it, but I speak the words of sober-ness and solemnity—Ninon's whole hope of life is bound up in her love for me. It is a love with her as it is with me, she has frankly told me this very night. Ah, nothing, as we did, in the dusky shadows of fading twilight, it was not apparent to sight how we had grown. We saw not with the eyes, but with our hearts. We gathered our feelings, not from reason, but from the awakening voice of the old love. O! it was as natural as the opening of the withering rose-leaf to the dews of heaven. She rested upon my bosom, as she had never before, and, as never before, I kissed her upon the lips. It was the instinctive sanctification of the love that had possessed our hearts through the years of our growing maturity—the pledge of the faith which those hearts wielded between the man and woman. What can I say more? Surely, my lord, you have anticipated this relation. In those other years, if you did not directly give me encouragement by spoken word, you did not dash the cup from my lips, which you surely would have done, had you seen that I was quaffing of the Erotic cup only to my own destruction."

When the marquis spoke again, his words were sad almost to weeping.

"Never, never, Louis, did I give you a spoken word of encouragement. I had no right."

"No right! In mercy's name! what does that mean?"

"Hush! O, let me think. Give me a few brief moments, Louis, and I will try if I can see my way. O, what agony is this!"

He started again across the room, and so continued for several minutes, pacing to and fro, wringing his hands at times as though he could tear out his poor life with right good will, while incoherent murmurings fell from the lips. At length, he stopped, stood for a little time irresolute, and then resumed his seat.

"Louis," he said, his voice husky and tremulous, "since I have been upon this earth I have lived over the agony of a lifetime, and in one direction I have resolved to suffer no more. I will no longer bear the killing burden alone. Should anything happen to cut short my days unexpectedly, one man, at least, shall know the very truth of a circumstance that may be given to the world against me. When I have told the story, you will know why I could never have given you verbal promise of Ninon's hand, nor will you, I hope, shall then decide whether you will persist in your suit. If you should so persist, we must contrive some way of flight from France. We will succeed or fall together!"

"My father," said the count, reaching forth and grasping the marquis's hand, "let me give you one assurance in advance. Nothing that you can tell me—I care not what its nature—can swerve me from my faith of love and devotion to Ninon."

"Ah, my boy, be not too sure. And yet," the old nobleman added, with a change in his manner—a subdued and softened expression—"she is as true and pure as the angels in heaven?"

"Thank God! Now go on, Sir Philip. Let me hear the story. You know you can trust me. I pledge you my faith in advance; and I furthermore pledge myself that I will stand by you to the end. Your dangers shall be my dangers, and we will succeed or fall together. But we will not fail. If the worst comes, I have dear friends in England, and from England we can go to that glorious land of liberty and independence—the United States of America—where we shall find open arms and warm hearts on every hand."

The last speech seemed to touch the marquis in the right spot. It reached down and found the very hope that needed to be lifted up.

"America!" he repeated, solemnly. "Oh, I think is a fair land, with you and Ninon for my support, I could find a peace and joy which have been strange to me for many, many years. Listen to me, Louis, for I must tell the story before the courage fails me."

But an interruption came. Before Sir Philip could speak further there came a knock upon the door, and in answer to the demand of who was there, the old warder responded that it was he. The marquis arose with an exclamation of impatience, and went to the door and withdrew the bolt. And these were the circumstances:

Of late the warder of the chateau had had orders that no stranger was to be admitted within the gates after nightfall, except by permission of the master; and now there were two Franciscan friars without who earnestly begged food and shelter.

"Tell me, good Nicolas, what do they look like?"

The old warder shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, my lord, much like their fellows in general. They are dirty rascals, gray as a pair of badgers, though not so fat. I don't think they would steal anything which they could not reach, and we should be careful not to put temptation in their way."

It was a wonder that the lord of the great castle should hesitate in such a case, but he did, and he did it from an inner prompting which he could not put away. But he overcame the feeling, and gave directions that the mendicants should be admitted and fed, and a place of rest given them for the night.

After the warder had gone, he said to the count:

"There, Louis—if any evil follows in the train of those friars I shall have faith in my presentiments. I don't know why it is, but they come in a cloud. However, let them rest. I cannot turn them away—and yet, I could have wished that we had been left alone for tonight. And now, my dear boy, I am going to startle you; but let me tell my story; don't interrupt me. I shall require all my strength of nerve and resolution."

He shot the bolt back into its fastening, and then returned to his seat. Before he sat down, however, he looked off into the shadowy distance, as though trying to see something that lay beyond. Was he thinking again of the two Franciscans? O! if he could have known them then, as he was to know them afterward, he would not have sat down while they were within his walls. But he did not know!

CHAPTER VI.

BRINGING FORTH THE SECRET.

Philip d'Artois took one turn across the library, and a student of human nature, well-versed in those finer subtleties of facial expression, watching him as he slowly and thoughtfully moved to and fro, could not have doubted that a subject of wondrous weight and moment burdened his mind. It might be said that he was literally bent beneath the weight. So heavily did the burden bear that he stooped, and his breathing was labored. A few moments after, crossing the room, he stopped, and then went to the sideboard, and took a silver flagon in his hand.

"Louis, will you drink a glass of wine? It is the pure Cote d'Or Burgundy, thirty years in my cellar."

"Excuse me, Sir Philip; I do not need it."

"And you will excuse me, my son, for I *do* need it."

He poured out a large measure and slowly drank it, after which he took his seat in the great easy-chair by the fireplace, and proceeded to sit so that the light of the candles should not shine full in his face. For a little time he sat much like a man about to submit to a painful surgical operation. His effort at self-control was apparent, and a mighty effort at that. The silence was becoming oppressive. The count's heart was throbbing tumultuously, for he knew that he was to hear something that would move him deeply, and the suspense was unprincipled man, named Gideon de Bar—I unprincipled. At length the silence was broken. The voice was low and tremulous, and the words were uttered forced up from a cavernous depth.

"Louis, I can hardly realize that I am about to give to mortal ear the secret I have so long carried in my bosom; but so it is. Circumstances have arisen which make the revealment almost imperative. Form no opinion until you have heard me through. Or, you cannot rightly judge until you know all."

He changed his position, took a long breath, and then commenced his story:

"Now, my dear boy, listen to me, and allow me to tell my story in my own way, and believe me when I assure you that I will tell you the whole, without curtailment of any kind, and without the concealing of a single important particular. You remember my wife. She was the daughter of Colonel Jovin de Lasange, a veteran of Louis XV.'s grand army. I may truthfully say, that Isabelle de Lasange was one of the fairest women in France, and when I won her for my wife, be sure there were plenty to envy me. Two men in particular, however, I have to notice. One was a tapestry weaver of Arras, a needy, low-lived, unprincipled man, named Gideon de Bar—I see you start. Yes, he was the same who visited me to-day. He had come to me, and he had assurance, and he professed to love Pauline, mindful that I was a man for her hand! She despised and loathed him, and when she had fairly kicked the knowledge of her feelings into his perverse head he professed to believe that I had prejudiced her against him, and swore that I was her accepted lover, and it made him angry, and I have no doubt that he swore vengeance. At all events, when the time came for me to wed my wife, he showed to us both that he considered himself ill-used, though he professed to have no spite for it. That is, he proclaimed that he was well rid of a woman who could not appreciate him. The fact that many people laughed at him did not make him at all friendly in his feelings toward me. Gideon de Bar never could, and he would have the world believe that he made poor Rachel Tigny his wife.

"The other man of whom I must speak was Colonel Jean de Saint Denis. He was an officer of artillery, and commanded the citadel of Arras. He was a brave man, and handsome, but loose and abandoned. He had won the love of a bright-eyed, bountiful grisette, of

Arras, named Alice Marmont, and I discovered that he had been secretly married to her. Colonel Saint Denis's official rank and position brought him into friendly and close relations with Pauline's father, and when he saw Pauline, he fell desperately in love off-hand. He not only fell in love with her, but he told his love, and urged his suit; and so well did he prosper therein that she began to feel an interest in him. She only knew him as she saw him at her father's house, and it must be borne in mind that he possessed those qualities most attractive to a vivacious, imaginative woman. He was every inch a soldier, brave and dashing, and, as I have already said, handsome. Colonel de Lusange knew him only as the commandant of the defences of the town, and he thought a man entrusted by his king with so important a trust must be worthy, and he did not forbid his visits.

"At that time I had never spoken to Pauline of love, but I loved her, nevertheless, though it was without selfishness that I warned her of Saint Denis's true character, and of the fact that he was already married—that he had a wife, beautiful and good—a wife as true to him as wife could be. Of course, from that moment, Pauline would listen no more to Juan's suit, and when he found that she knew of his marriage, he ceased his visits. By some means he learned that it was I who had furnished Pauline and her father with knowledge of his true character and standing, and his wrath was without bounds. He was a vastly different man from Gideon de Bar. What he felt he spoke, and if he had enmity in his bosom, he did not seek to hide it. When, in course of time, Pauline became my wife, Juan de Saint Denis swore vengeance—swore it to my face—and bade me beware.

"Thus, my son, we come to my married life. My wife bore me two children, a son and a daughter. The son died at the age of six years. The birth of the daughter cost Pauline her life, and the child did not long survive her mother. —I see you start. Ah! Louis! Louis! you here have a part of my terrible secret. Hold your breath, and be not cast down—NINON *is not my child!* No blood of mine is in her veins. I do not wonder that you turn pale. But listen: I am now coming to that fearful burden which, for so many years, has rested like an incubus of death upon me:

"Pauline became my wife, and there were two men who had sworn vengeance against me. In the circumstances that befell, there was so much that was marvelous—such a working together of different forces, and such a perfect adaptation of certain parts toward the end reached, that I must believe the whole was a carefully elaborated plot for my destruction. No mere play of chance could have brought about the result that was reached. As well as anything may be known, which my own senses did not directly see, or feel, or hear, do I know that there was a prepared plot, thoroughly arranged in all its parts, and calculated to the end of my destruction; and though I was not the only victim, yet he who shared with me the result, was villain enough to lend himself to the plot in the outset, little dreaming that he was going to his own destruction, though I fancy de Bar had it in mind from the first. Thus it was:

"One day—it was on the day that the news reached us that Louis XV. was dead—as I was passing through the forest toward the Bridge of Cressy, in that part where the path is narrow and uneven, I was met by Colonel Juan de Saint Denis. He had evidently been drinking, but was by no means intoxicated. He had lately been drinking a great deal, so I had heard; and had been gambling, and I had heard it said that he had spent a great deal of money which had been left in his hands by government for the garrison. He met me there in the forest, and stopped me. I cannot tell you what he said; I can only tell you that the vials of his wrath were uncorked, and his rage let loose upon me in a furious, profane, fiery, vindictive and murderous flood. He swore that I had blasted his character; that I had destroyed his peace of mind forever; that I had traduced him; and he even had the heart to accuse me of having broken the heart of his Alice, the mother of his child. O! I cannot tell you what terrible things he said; but worse than all else, he swore that he had never sought to gain Pauline's affection; that my efforts in that direction had been wholly gratuitous, and that the only thing I had accomplished had been the death of his true wife. He said he was a ruined man, and that I had ruined him; and he then demanded satisfaction. He would attack me, and I might defend myself, or be cut down like a dog, as I pleased. With that he drew his sword, and I saw that he was in earnest. I had no choice. He would not let me speak. I drew my own blade, and in a moment more the clashing of steel rang through the forest. He was the best swordsman in Artois—a far better swordsman than I, and much stronger; but fortune was against him, and in a moment when I least expected it, my point entered his bosom. His foot had slipped upon a rolling stone, and in his effort to regain his equilibrium he pitched forward directly upon the point of my sword, for I had held it suspended in mid air when the accident happened. The point entered his bosom, and he fell.

"I had started forward for the purpose of lifting his head, when I heard footsteps approaching, and a moment afterward Gideon de Bar came upon the scene. He said he had heard the clashing of swords, and had come to see what was the matter. And then, in a startled manner, having seen the fallen man, he caught me by the arm, and bade me to hide myself in the wood. Said he—O, I remember his every word and look and tone:

"'Sir Philip, I hear people coming. This man was their idol. Remember—he was related to that *Robert le Diable* who was executed for attempting to assassinate the king who is just dead. If they find Saint Denis dead, and you here with his blood upon your hands, they will tear you limb from limb. Flee you to the cover of the wood, and I will care for him. If he has life in him I will revive him.'

"Thus spoke to me Gideon de Bar. I was beyond the power of calm reflection. Touching Saint Denis's relationship to Robert François Damiens, the man who gained such notoriety from his attempt to assassinate Louis XV., he was related only by marriage, but that was sufficient in the eyes of the *sans culottes* to canonize him. Without consideration—with my brain in a whirl—I plunged into the wood, where I remained for half an hour, as near as I could judge. At the end of that time I crept back. As I came to an opening, where I could look upon the scene of our conflict, I saw de Bar upon his knees, supporting Saint Denis in his arms. He had been writing upon a sheet of paper. He had had pen and ink and paper with him. He said his business required that he should carry them when away from home. He had been taking down the man's dying statement, and as I came up he had put the pen into Saint Denis's hand, and he was signing his name. He had strength to do that, with de Bar to guide his hand, and after that he sank back. I rushed to the spot, and Gideon de Bar arose to his feet, and showed me the paper, with a great stain of blood upon it, where Saint Denis's hand had rested upon it. At that moment I heard not only the sound of approaching feet, but the voices of a multitude. De Bar cried out to me again to flee. Said he—'Flee for your life, and I will turn suspicion away from you. They are his friends coming!' And he took me by the arm to lead me away. I asked if Saint Denis was dead. 'Yes,' said de Bar. 'Look for yourself. His last effort of life was the signing of this document. His bitter enmity sustained him till that was done, and then the last breath was drawn. But I will save you. Flee at once, and they shall never know.'

"I gave one look at the man I had accidentally slain—saw that he was really dead—and then fled. I reached my home, though I know not how, that night, at a late hour. Gideon de Bar came to me, and showed me the paper, but would not trust it in my hands. It was entitled, '*The Dying Declaration, under Oath, of Colonel Juan de Saint Denis, Commanding French Forces at Arras.*' And then it went on, in direct and absolute statement, that he had fallen by the hand of the Marquis Sir Philip d'Artois, of Saint Omer—that Philip d'Artois had murdered him—that I—*I*—had first ruined his character, and blasted his every earthly prospect, and had ended my work of enmity by killing him!

"O! Louis, it was terrible! I asked de Bar if he meant to hold that paper—I asked him if he did not know it was false. I told him the solemn truth—how Juan de Saint Denis had first drawn upon me, and how I had drawn in absolute self-defence, and how, even after that, his death was the result of a most unfortunate accident, and not from a blow aimed by me. But de Bar only smiled grimly, and shook his head.

"But I need not tell you more of that. You can see the whole for yourself. That man had me in his power, and he knew it; aye—and I knew it! What would my declaration amount to by the side of that bloody sign-manual of a dying man? I knew that a howl of indignation would go up when it was known that Saint Denis had been slain in the forest. And so it was. The excitement was intense. You must remember it. You were five years old then, or nearly that."

"I remember," said Louis. "Aye, I remember very well how my father came in, and told us at the table; and how he said that doubtless the man had been slain in a drunken quarrel; or, if such had not been the case, that he might have taken his own life; for I think he was, at the time of his death, a defaulter to a large amount."

"He was," pursued the marquis, "and the minister, Turgot, had sent a commission to examine into his affairs. It was while that commission was in Arras that he met me in the forest. What a tempest there was! The mob believed that it had been a plot of the aristocrats to get him out of the way. He became apotheosized at once, and his memory was held in veneration as an enemy of the nobility, and a champion of the people. Good heavens! had it been whispered then, that the Marquis of Saint Omer did the deed, I should have been literally torn in pieces. The *sans culottes* of Paris would have come to see it done!

"And so I was tied. Perhaps— But no—I could not have done differently. That man held in his hand an instrument as fatal to me, when he pleased to make it so, as a *lettre de cachet*. He promised that he would not be severe, but I could take that for what it was worth. I could not calmly and deliberately give myself up to an ignominious death, and my name to universal execration, and I bowed my neck to the yoke. My wife had been dead several months at that time, and my infant daughter was dying. I discovered that Colonel Saint Denis had left a daughter, motherless and totally unprovided for. I asked de Bar to bring the child to me, and he did so—brought it, and swore to me that he would never, while I kept faith with him, tell to a human being that the little one was not my own offspring. The least, and the most, I could do, was to care for that child; and I think I have been all that a father could have been.

"Louis, our blessed Ninon—she whom you love—is that child! She must not know it yet. There is no need. Or, at any rate, we will keep it from her as long as we can. Now, my boy, you can comprehend the power of Gideon de Bar. Think of the present condition of France. Look at the nation's real, responsible rulers. Now, just picture to yourself this proclamation made in the market-place to-morrow. We can imagine it. Gideon de Bar, mayor of Arras, standing before the people, will cry aloud to them something like this—listen:

"'My dear Citizens and Citizenesses, you remember the brave and gallant patriot and soldier, that friend of the people, Colonel Juan de Saint Denis? You remember him as the near and dear relative of the king-killer, *Robert le Diable!* You remember how he was assassinated in the forest of Saint Jean just after the death of the human fiend and monster, Louis Capet, called *King*—the Fifteenth of that name! Well—I can tell you whose hand shed that precious blood!'"—

At this point the marquis trembled so convulsively that he spoke with difficulty, and Louis put out his hand and stopped him.

"Enough, father! I can see it all. I can see it as plainly, and as surely, as though the scene were actually transpiring before my very eyes."

"And, my son, you can see what the result would be?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then what remains for us to do? Gideon de Bar has been to me, and held that bloody paper before me, and demanded Ninon's hand. If I do not give it on the morrow—"

"How!" cried Louis, interrupting. "Give Ninon's hand—*to-morrow?*"

"If I do not to-morrow sign the marriage contract, which, you are aware, is legally a marriage. The priestly ceremony is necessary to a full consummation, but the signed contract is legally binding. What shall we do?"

"Whatever we do must be done quickly, father?"

"Yes."

"You would not sign that contract, if you could avoid it?"

"No!"

"Would you leave your wealth behind you, if flight were possible?"

"Ah, my son, I fear me there would be but little sacrifice in that. I do firmly believe that it is Gideon de Bar's purpose to strip me entirely. If he were to publish that paper, property and life would both go in a twinkling. I know the fiend thoroughly. He has no heart—no conscience. He would glory in the deed of working my utter ruin, and the Jacobins would elevate him upon my downfall."

Louis de Liancourt arose from his seat, and walked slowly to and fro across the room. When he came back, he laid his hand upon the marquis's shoulder.

"Sir Philip, think of Ninon. Would she live long if she were sacrificed to—"

"Speak not the word. It shall not be!"

"Then our course is clear. We have not an hour—not a moment—to spare. The morrow's sun must not find us here. I am satisfied, upon reflection, that search will be made for the nobleman who slew the three—or helped to slay—the three Jacobin butchers. There is nothing to prevent our being upon the road before midnight. You have some money, and some jewels?"

"Yes—thank Heaven! I have enough for all possible need, at least, for the present. My jewels are valuable."

"And I, also, have a goodly store. Ninon, too, has jewels which her—the marchioness left. My attendant, Martin, is a treasure. You have one or two servants whom you can trust; or, we may think it best to take a goodly force, well armed. From here to *Saint Jean-sur-Mer* is not more than thirteen leagues. The road is mostly your own, and horses may be taken on the way anywhere. At that port I know we shall find a vessel. We will purchase one, if necessary. Once on the sea, and we are safe!"

Philip d'Artois started to his feet with a cry of hopeful joy.

"Louis," he exclaimed, seizing the young man's hand, "it shall be done as you have said. It is our only hope, and it is safe."

"Aye," added Louis, "and we may consider it sure. What shall hinder us? We can be upon the sea before the breaking of another day."

"If we are speedy now."

"Yes."

"Then let us be moving."

And then they started forth to the work of preparation. Death was sure to them if they remained till another day in Artois. In England they would find safety.

And Louis de Liancourt echoed Sir Philip's fervent prayer as he went forth to summon his faithful attendant. The marquis was to call Ninon, and prepare her for the sudden undertaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Do not shorten the long nights by slumber, nor prolong the short days by wickedness.

A LITTLE LONGER.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Trust the lad a little longer—
Do not fear.
He may better grow, and stronger,
Father, dear!
Stronger in his faint endeavor
To be wise,
Better as he tries to sever
Evil ties.
Scarcely twenty years have brightened
And grown sere
Since, a babe, our hearts he lightened
Father, dear!
How we loved our little brother,
Sisters three:
Not in all the world another
Such as he!
Then, one gloomy, dark December
Oh, how drear!
Mother left us all, remember,
Father, dear!
And before she entered, smiling,
Into joy,
"Love," she said, with voice beguiling,
"Love my boy."
Benny's eyes, so like to mother's,
Blue and clear,
Strangely move me like no others,
Father, dear!
Though his feet are given to straying
In his youth,
Let us hope he, Heaven obeying,
May seek truth.
Trust the lad, though now rebelling—
Do not fear!
Turn him not from this our dwelling,
Father, dear!
Bear with him a little longer
In his sin;
Love will make his poor heart stronger—
We shall win.

ONE PAIR OF GLOVES.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Twenty-three years ago this autumn, a little boat was dropping slowly down the Medway, below the old stone bridge of Maidstone. In it was Ralph Erroll and Bessie Farleigh, and there is small wonder they did not hurry their journey, for to them it was a sail into Love-land. Bessie was beautiful, and the evening was beautiful. The air was redolent with the rich, balmy, bitter odor of hops; far and near were the little camps of the pickers, and drifting in fitful strains over the river the echoes of their song and laughter.

It was not an evening when love needed to plead; he could let his presence blend with all other sweet influences, and trust to the effect. Bessie felt the charm of the sweet gloaming, and the still stronger charm of Ralph's presence. By and by the boat drifted into a cove, and stepping ashore, they were in a park that rose gradually toward an old gray Hall.

"See, Ralph, there are lights in the parlor; we must go home."

"Wait here one minute, Bessie—I have something to ask you. When I have made a little practice in London, will you be my wife? Answer me truly now, like a good, honest girl ought to."

"I will, Ralph."

And when they came in among the old-fashioned flower-beds, they were solemnly pledged to share life's fortune together. For one minute they stood leaning on an old sun-dial, and in the newly risen moon everything about Bessie had a strangely witching beauty. Ralph could not help noticing how exceedingly small and shapely was the hand that lay in his, and how dainty and pretty the pearl-colored kid glove that covered it.

When they parted, he said:

"Bessie, this has been a great night for me; give me this glove that I may know to-morrow it was not all a dream."

Bessie laid it in her lover's hand with a smile and a kiss.

"Take it, Ralph," she said, "it is my gage that I will redeem my promise."

Ralph put the delicate little pledge away and went up to London. He had something to work for and hope now, and he soon made these influences tell. Bessie's parents had not objected to the match. Squire Farleigh was the poorest of a long race of Kentish squires, and though the old Hall and lands remained, he had not been a successful farmer, and money was very scarce with him. There seemed nothing better for Bessie than that she should marry Ralph Erroll, for house and lands must go to her brother Tom, and every year the savings toward her dower had been less and less.

But the very next spring after Bessie's engagement, a speculative neighbor who had money proposed to the squire the planting of the rich meadows of Farleigh in hops. Every one knows that the culture of hops is the gambling of agriculture. As it happened, it was a lucky move for Squire Farleigh. It was a new crop to his lands; the yield was enormous, and the rate of duty—on which everything hangs—unusually small. When the picking was over, the hops sold, and profits divided, the squire had £4,000 in the bank.

Everything looked different now. He had found an El Dorado at his own door, and could do nothing but abuse the conventional stupidity which had led him always to plant wheat and oats and feed cattle, simply because the squires before him had always done so.

But he was no better able to bear sudden riches than most men are. He immediately launched into unusual expenses—refurnished the Hall, and rebuilt his kennels, and bought a couple of hunting horses. There was plenty of time for Bessie's dower; next year's crop would provide for her; and indeed he had already begun to doubt the wisdom of Bessie's choice. He told himself that she would never live in a close city, and a doctor to him was only associated with scenes of death and misery.

The next year's crop was another success, and the squire began to build fine *oast-houses* on his land, for he was now determined to have everything necessary to the culture of hops of the very latest and best description. In the meantime the whole family were learning extravagances never thought of in the days of simple farming. Tom Farleigh put no stint to his pleasures, and they were all of an expensive kind, and Bessie had developed equally extensive desires in the way of dress and watering-places. The squire, with all his influx of ready money, was always in a tight place.

In the second winter of her engagement Bessie went to stay with a new acquaintance in London. As far as Ralph was concerned, it was a very unhappy visit. He loved Bessie with all his heart. Bessie had begun to love many other things besides Ralph. The charms of London society, in all their splendid novelty, captivated her imagination. A life without the Park and the opera, without balls and shopping, seemed like a return to the dark simplicity of Farleigh before the hop days.

Bessie thought she loved Ralph yet, but she did not know her own heart until, one day, Ralph took her to see a little cottage at Richmond, and told her how much his income was, asking her honestly to redeem her pledge to him at once. She was struck with dismay at the apparent narrowing of her life, and positively refused to accede to an immediate marriage.

Indeed, the possibility of breaking it off had now entered her mind, and being once admitted, it made rapid progress, and found plenty of reasons and excuses for its conduct. Ralph felt the change, but love is always blind where it does not want to see; and one morning, when he read her engagement in the *Morning Chronicle* to a wealthy magnate of the East Indian Board, he felt as if his life had been suddenly smitten with blindness.

When a man is constant, there is no constancy like it. Ralph refused to blame Bessie; everything and everybody were wrong but her; and he treasured the little glove, that had been such a faithless gage, beyond all his possessions. Day after day he watched the post with a feverish hope that incapacitated him for every other employment. He wrote and wrote to Bessie, and was quite sure that sooner or later she would find means to answer him. The only answer that ever came was a description of her marriage festivities down at the old Hall of Farleigh.

Then he knew that his love was dead to him, and he tried to bury it in some sweet-scented corner of his heart; but just as he thought he was succeeding, he one day came suddenly face to face with Bessie in Oxford Street. He suffered so keenly after it that he determined on putting himself out of the way of such rencounters. So he advertised for some medical position and had three answers. One would take him to Canada, one to Ireland, and the other to India. He determined to let the decision rest on whichever offered him the highest salary.

The Indian appointment won, and within a few weeks he was on the road to Calcutta. He had destroyed every memento of his engagement except one; but on that last night in England, when he had sadly burnt Bessie's letters, and her little gifts, and even her picture, he had not been able to commit to destruction that dainty little glove that had so long comforted him. It seemed almost a part of Bessie, and though he several times dropped it toward the flame, he finally put it away with a sad and half-reproachful tenderness.

It found its home in no very romantic place—a secret drawer in his medicine chest—and there through eighteen long years it remained untouched and unlooked at. In this retreat it went with Ralph to Calcutta, and after a few months he had no temptation to disturb it. He had become an enthusiast in his profession, and a devoted botanist, and in the two pursuits found ample interest for life.

His salary was a very good one, and he was not indifferent to the fact. He loved money just enough to be anxious to make it; and as his practice lay very much among native princes and begums, his professional rewards were frequently very magnificent—twenty years ago these dignitaries did not calculate quite so closely as they do now—good investments were plentiful, and Ralph was known in Calcutta as a man who always had a few thousand rupees for a profitable scheme.

He grew attached to his Indian life. One relay of officers after another was exchanged, or sent home on long furloughs, but Ralph never thought of any change save a few weeks every summer to the cool heights of the *Neilgherrys*. Probably he would have died a very contented exile, if he had not received a letter in the eighteenth year of his Indian life, telling him that he had become the lawful heir to the barony of Erroll and Hastings.

Then he went back to England. But after the first excitement and pleasure of his return and his new position were over, he began to feel a sense of *ennui* and disappointment. His profession was dear to his heart, and it was impossible at once to find the calm, easy duties of a country gentleman equivalent for the exciting incidents and labors of a physician whose circuit had extended over a range of fifty miles every way. In fact, in spite of wealth and honors, he was bored, and seriously inclined to a journey of unlimited length in any country or countries that promised him something to do, or to learn.

He had come up to London with this idea in embryo, resolving to make inquiries and preparations there. Bessie had no place in this movement. He knew indeed that she was living in Hampshire; he had no thought or hope of meeting her, and would have avoided such a possibility at some personal trouble. Probably he still feared her power over him, for he had never dared to look at the only souvenir of their love, nor yet to love any other woman.

He did not hurry his preparations, but talked at the various clubs with various travellers on polar and tropic lands, and wavered considerably in his intentions. One day, when he had about decided on California and the Great West, he met an old Indian acquaintance at "The Oriental." They had a long chat together, and as the major was leaving, he said:

"Doctor, I want you to-morrow night. My daughter Belle—you saved her in that jungle-fever, you know—is to be married soon to Jack Dawson of 'Ours,' and it is her betrothal party."

"I never meddle in such affairs, Major. I will come another night and see Miss Belle."

But the happy father would hear of no excuse, and Ralph was obliged to go. It was a very splendid affair, but the doctor was used to Indian magnificence, and the splendor did not interest him. What pleased him most was the groups of fair, innocent-looking girls, their pale-brown curls, and blue eyes, and rosy skins, and their candid, childlike joyousness, contrasted so vividly with the bronze-colored, dark-eyed, half-vailed mysterious beauties of the far East.

By and by, wandering through a conservatory, he came suddenly upon a sight which gave him an inexpressible emotion—a little, scented, pearl-colored glove, lying on a rustic table. He stood looking at it with a strangely tender feeling in his heart, and in a few moments a young girl glided up to him and looking shyly in his face, said:

"It is my glove, sir."

Then Ralph looked at her. She was a little rosebud of a girl, clothed in pearl-gray silk, white lace, and pink ribbons; and he fell irremediably in love with her in that one moment. He followed her timidly about for an hour or two, and finally got an introduction to her—"Miss Bessie Wilmont." It was Bessie Farleigh's daughter, of course, but he was thinking so little of the old Bessie at that moment, that the circumstance never struck him until some one asked the new Bessie as they passed her, "when she went next to Farleigh?"

Well, this meeting changed all Ralph's plans. He did not go to California; he went down to Farleigh instead.

He found the squire alive and prospering. Farleigh Hall had become one of the show-places in Kent; and in its old gardens, and again floating down the Medway, when hops filled the air with a richer perfume than olibanum or nard, he wooed and won the lovely Bessie Wilmont.

He has two little pearl-colored gloves now, and the first Bessie laughed pleasantly when he showed her that the two were excellent matches, *and made a pair*.

"The second gage redeems the first," she said, with a tender, happy look at the little Bessie so dear to them both.

Three years ago they were married, and Ralph does not now find the country gentleman's life dull. Indeed, as he has some idea of taking Squire Farleigh's advice and planting hops in Erroll meadows, I have no doubt he will find in the uncertainty and anxiety of their culture, taxation and sale plenty of material for excitement, if he still thinks it necessary to happiness.

A CUTTING RETORT.

"A Roland for an Oliver," is a common expression, and if its origin is not clearly understood, its meaning is never doubtful—that is, to any one who can think and reason. But here is an expression not so transparent of meaning: "I answer you as Elliston answered Roswell on a like occasion"—wrote an irate playwright not long since to the manager of one of our large theatres; and the note was published; and when I had read, I straightway sought to find how that aforetime answer referred to had run. I was fortunate enough to find it among a budget of scraps concerning Robert William Elliston, a celebrated English actor, and author of several successful dramas, whose professional career covered the first quarter of the present century.

Elliston had refused to allow his drama, "The Venetian Outlaw," to be produced upon the stage of the Adelphi; but he could see no good reason why that should prevent him from visiting one or two of his intimate friends behind the Adelphi scenes. The manager, upon being informed of these continued visits upon the rear of his stage, addressed a note to the actor as follows:

"MR. ELLISTON, *Sir*—I understand you have had the temerity to intrude yourself behind the curtain of my theatre. In order to spare you a greater mortification, I have ordered the door-keepers to refuse you admission should you again present yourself. ROSWELL."

The following was the rejoinder, returned by the hand of the manager's own messenger:

"ROSWELL—I have heard of a puddle in a storm, and of a puppy in a tearing, snarling passion; and I can only say that your note of this day affords me opportunity to scorn the one, and laugh at the other. "ELLISTON."

If our manager on this side had ever seen the above correspondence, he must have felt himself comprehensively answered. S. C., JR.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SHERIDAN, to test the acoustic qualities of a new theatre he had built, desired the carpenter to speak on the stage while he would go and listen to him from the gallery. "Now, then," said Sheridan, when he had ascended. The carpenter responded: "I and my mates have been working here for the last six weeks, and we should like to see the color of your honor's money?" "That will do," said Sheridan; "the acoustics are *perfect*."

OUT in Dakota, recently, a stage load of passengers being compelled to hold their hands above their heads while a gang of highwaymen robbed them, one of the victims remarked: "This is a high-handed piece of business!" whereupon the robbers laughed, and allowed him to keep his watch as a reward for his humor.

A GENTLEMAN was instrumental in getting a cook for a newly married friend, and upon meeting the cook's sister some time afterward, he asked her how her relative liked the place, to which she promptly replied: "Oh, very well, sir! The master and mistress are quite gentlefolk. They don't know anything."

A MAN who thought he knew more than his wife about marketing, lately went to market to buy a turtle. "See here," said he, pointing to a small one, "this is about the size, and I want you to warrant it to be a genuine turtle, for I am not going to have you putting off any of your mock turtles on me!"

FATHER (to his little son, who has just handed him his teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month)—"This report is very unsatisfactory. I am not at all pleased with it." *Little son*—"I told the teacher I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

"I HOPE there are no cannibals around here," said a stupid traveller to a frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of bread. "Plenty of 'em," said she, pouring some corn meal into the pan. "We almost always eat a little Indian with our bread."

OLD Deacon Pilkins said to himself: "Falstaff asks, 'What is honor?' as though it was hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman at church, and she'll tell *what's on her* in less than two minutes."

IT is reported that the thermometer went down to 42 degrees below zero, the other night, at Fairfield, Me. Everybody likes "a fair field and no favor," but we think no one would like such a Fairfield as that.

A MAN who recently went into stock speculations, was met by a friend, the other day, who asked him if he had made anything. "Yes," said he; "I made an assignment this morning."

THE sun is shining uncomfortably warm, this January day, as we are writing this; and one might say: "Now is the winter of this continent made Indian summer, by—" etc.

A RECENT news item from the seat of war in Asia said: "The snow around Erzeroum is three feet deep, and the Russians are out in great numbers *slaying*—Turks."

"MOTHER," said a little five-year-old, "have you heard that Uncle John got shot yesterday?" "Why, no! Dear me! How did he get shot?" "Oh, he bought 'em."

THE young clerk who, instead of writing $10,000, as he should have done, wrote $1,000, might have prevented his mistake by a little fourth ought.

THE sudden start of a horse-car threw a lady who was standing, into a gentleman's lap, whereupon a newsboy cried out: "There's a Lap-lander!"

A LITTLE boy, sentenced to be whipped, said: "Very well; go ahead. All I ask is to take chloroform before you begin."

A MAN who lately sent a communication to a newspaper, signed it ÆQUITAS, but the signature came out "A Quiet Ass."

"OUR butcher," said an old lady, "never has any venison in his shop, but he always has a plenty of *dear* meat."

AN irrepressible joker, in selling a horse, said: "He's a good war steed; he'd sooner die than run."

WHY are hens like ambitious men? Because they always want to get on the highest roost.

A "SIGN" of indigestion: "Gone to dinner—will be back in five minutes."

CURRENT ITEMS.

MRS. MARIAM BERRY, a widow, sixty-five years of age, was shot dead in her own house in New Durham, N. H., on Wednesday afternoon of last week, by a man whom she had hired to chop wood for her. The murderer was drunk when he committed the crime, and was soon after found by the roadside, near the house, with his throat cut; but it was thought he would recover.

MR. CHARLES A. BELL, of Fairfax, Vt., was married on New Year's Day and went to Montreal on his wedding tour, where he had a shock of paralysis and was ordered home by a physician. He got as far as Rutland, where he suddenly died on Wednesday of last week.

ONE night last week, at Concord, Ky., a deputy sheriff and his posse attempted to arrest a couple of desperadoes known as "the Underwood Brothers." A fight ensued, in which the deputy sheriff was killed, but both the Underwoods were captured, badly wounded.

THE other day, two friends named John Desmond and William Powers, while drinking in a saloon in Albany, got into a quarrel, and Desmond's skull was so badly fractured by an accidental blow that he died of his injuries the next day, and Powers was lodged in jail.

ONE day recently, during the recess at a grammar school in East Stoughton, Mass., a boy of sixteen stabbed a boy fourteen years old with a jack-knife, making a wound in the left arm reaching to the bone. He was expelled from the school.

A WOMAN in Ashland, Pa., was found insensible in her bed, and her little son dead at her side, on Thursday morning of last week. It was supposed they were suffocated by the fumes of sulphur from a new heater in the cellar.

WHILE a couple of men were blasting, recently, in West Lubec, Me., a premature explosion took place, whereby one of them was seriously injured, and the other was killed instantly.

AT Westchester, Conn., on Wednesday, a week ago, the boiler connected with a steam shovel exploded, dangerously wounding a by-stander, and killing the fireman.

MRS. JABEZ KING, sixty-eight years old, of Thompsonville, Conn., was run over by a team on Wednesday evening of last week, and killed by concussion of the brain.

MR. NEWMAN, of East Stoneham, Me., while walking along with a loaded gun a few days ago, slipped and shot himself, was carried home, and died in a short time.

SADIE SHARP, eleven years old, and Ella Haseltine, aged fifteen, were drowned on Sunday a week ago, by breaking through the ice on a pond near Hyannis, Mass.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, of Bristol, Conn., while playing with a pistol, accidentally shot himself in the arm, which was afterward amputated, and Sullivan died.

A HOTEL clerk, of Salisbury, Conn., named Fries, became unsettled in mind recently, and committed suicide by taking laudanum and morphine.

A MAD dog attacked a girl in North Haven, Conn., the other day, and bit her on the foot, and then bit her father's dog that came to her defence.

THE Rev. Leroy Gaston, a prominent Presbyterian minister of Memphis, Tenn., fell dead in the street at Little Rock, Ark., one day recently.

A YOUNG man named Monroe Gresh was lately struck on the head with a clock weight, near New Hanover, Pa., and died of the injury.

ON Tuesday of last week, at Indianapolis, Ind., Charles B. Hager was killed by falling from an upper tier of bunks in a stationhouse.

MRS. CRANE, an aged widow residing at Elizabeth, N. J., while getting up one morning lately, fell out of bed and broke her neck.

ON Thursday morning of last week, an old man, named James Mahan, was found frozen to death in the road, near Antwerp, N. Y.

A GUEST at a hotel in Ohio lately twisted a spool of cotton into a cord, with which he hanged himself to a hat peg in his bedroom.

JAMES MCMULLEN, supposed to be partially insane, killed his wife with a club at West Osgrode, Ontario, one night recently.

ALONZO GIBBS, of Brandon, Vt., was recently thrown from his wagon and injured so severely that he died a few days afterward.

JULIUS FULLER, aged seventy years, fell from a bridge in Avon, Conn., on Thursday of last week, and was killed.

A WOMAN in Warsaw, N. Y., was recently sentenced to imprisonment for life for grand arson.

WOOD REVERIE.

BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

Odors of wild wood flowers, the fragrant gladiatus,
Fill the still air,
Sprays of sweet honeysuckle, dew-gemmed, pink and green,
And grass,
Float here and there.
While memories haunt the soul, of perfumes gone, but rare.

Crushed violets, whose dying breath was redolent
With spell of love,
And pearly locust blossoms, pouring their wild scent,
Till woods were filled
With perfume, and the heart with joy was strangely thrill'd.

Thoughts flood our memories, as faces haunt our dreams,
Or music past,
Forgotten tunes, or old-time songs, that ever seems
O'er us to cast
A rush of tender feelings far too sweet to last.

Strange, why life's sweetest things pass so soon! How short, how brief
Their mystic away!
Life is made up of fading beauties; no relief
From swift decay.
We live, we hope, we droop, we fade, then pass away.

And so in nature, as in life, flowers gay and sweet
We gladly trace,
Round, guided by the perfumes wafted neat
The meadows grace.
Trip through the glens, then die, and others take their places.

Birds too, whose plumage glitters in the dazzling light
When on the wing,
Whose sudden bursts of melody, then rapid flight
In sadness bring.
As whispers of sweet change their airy passage bring.

All these rouse reveries, strange reveries of death,
Of passing beauty,
Of wakened powers,
And of a better land, more lasting far than ours.

THE LORD OF STRATHMORE;
OR,
The Hidden Crime.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XV.
A Sail.

The operation of making a fire in the rain proved difficult, but not insurmountable. Chandos found a comparatively sheltered spot under an overhanging rock, and brought home a supply of branches, which he discovered in hollows of the grove. The supply of matches was running scarce, and it required for the time to kindle the damp wood he had gathered into a sickly blaze. The spectral-looking ship had passed out of sight in the mist, and he did not believe that her return would be hazardous, as the wind was blowing from the northward.

He cooked the breakfast, and carried a portion of it to Miss Pelham's hut. Her father was still with her, and received it at the door. He took the reminder to the men's hut, and joined with strangers in the scant repast.

Not until the meal was concluded did he inform his companions of the promising of the *Gytemnestra*. His announcement produced dismay, excitement and consternation. Lord Strathmore was full of exclamations; Mr. Gray offered many suggestions; but, as usual, it was to Ralph Chandos that all turned for direction. His coolness, his unselfishness, his cool, prompt fertility of resource, his marked ability, made him a natural leader of men, and even Lord Strathmore, who hated him, and Mr. Gray, who despised him for his supposed wickedness, and for being a convict, turned to him in their despair for guidance, valuing the hypocritical pretense of merely asking his opinion.

"I think," said Chandos, "that the ship will not return under some hours. The rain is ceasing. But the wind is fair for the island to be reached, passed by reach that the ship will not dare to stand too close to us until the wind changes."

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"I thought the matter over while I cooked the breakfast," continued our hero. "We can fill our kegs with fresh water. We can cook a supply of food sufficient for a month's voyage. When the wind changes we can slip out of sight, and make for an island to the northward. In any event, we shall be no worse off at sea than here, and the chances are that we may be picked up by some vessel. As we are now, we are like rats in a trap. If we wait here too long, the convicts will seize us, and put us to death. Our only hope is in flight."

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This programme met with favor, and was entered upon at once. The rain was still falling, but in a slim degree, and the storm that promised speedy termination. The sky was clearing; the wind was increasing. Chandos and Mr. Gray went over to the western shore of the island, and entered upon their work of killing seals. Lord Strathmore devoted himself to the task assigned him. The doctor employed his time in collecting driving wood, as nearly dry as possible, and in great quantity.

Hearing the sounds of activity, Mr. Pelham came forth from his dwelling, and the doctor hastily informed him of the situation of affairs, and pressed him into service.

About noon the rain entirely ceased, and the sky cleared, a few sickly rays of sunshine making their appearance. The wind still blew steadily from the northward, to the great joy of those upon the island. Miss Pelham came out into the fire, which was now blazing brightly, and her father informed her of their rescued danger at the hands of the convicts. She bore the news bravely, and approved of the resolution to take flight.

Lord Strathmore succeeded in obtaining a large number of penguins' eggs which were roasted in hot ashes. The kegs were filled with fresh water, and duly stowed on board. A little after noon, Mr. Gray entered the camp, loaded with choice pieces of seal-meat, and these were at once roast upon tin fire. Some two or three hours later, Chandos made his appearance, bearing the pieces of seal, a string of fine fish, and a bundle of roots.

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Every one was decidedly eager to depart. The darkness presently gathered over the lonely isle and the vast surrounding sea. Everything was in readiness for the departure; Miss Pelham was helped into the boat; her father, the doctor and the baron entered; Mr. Gray came next; Chandos pushed off the little craft and sprung in at the last moment, giving her an impetus that sent her shooting out upon the water.

Mr. Gray and Chandos rowed out of the little harbor into the sea beyond. The *Clytemnestra* was not in sight. In truth, she was ten miles to the southward, slowly beating her way back to the island, yet afraid to venture too near its outlying reefs in the night.

The convicts on board the ship were in fine spirits. They had been chagrined and troubled at the escape of the passengers of the ship, and had searched the depth of the fastness accessory to their own safety and well-being. Parson Jim was excluded in the general talking Miss Pelham captive, and now walked the deck in triumph.

"We can't approach you near the island to-night," he said to one of his allies, "on account of the ugly reefs. But in the morning we'll lower two of the boats and swoop down upon them like a famine. They've not the island, I'm sure enough. The wind must have brought them straight to it. We haven't cruised all this time in search of them for nothing."

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THE LORD OF STRATHMORE;
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CHAPTER XV.
A Sail.

The operation of making a fire in the rain proved difficult, but not insurmountable. Chandos found a comparatively sheltered spot under an overhanging rock, and brought home a supply of branches, which he discovered in hollows of the grove. The supply of matches was running scarce, and it required for the time to kindle the damp wood he had gathered into a sickly blaze. The spectral-looking ship had passed out of sight in the mist, and he did not believe that her return would be hazardous, as the wind was blowing from the northward.

He cooked the breakfast, and carried a portion of it to Miss Pelham's hut. Her father was still with her, and received it at the door. He took the reminder to the men's hut, and joined with strangers in the scant repast.

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CHAPTER XVI.
SHIPWRECKED.

The rescuing ship proved to be the *Duke of Wellington*, convict-transport, Captain Sinclair, bound from Australia with thirty women on board, and with no male convicts. She hove to, and picked up the small boat and its occupants. The latter clambered to her deck with difficulty, being weak from exposure and suffering. Their appearance on Miss Pelham was passed up first, Lord Strathmore and Mr. Gray following her. The captain was one of the *Duke of Wellington* thronged around the bagged suits they had picked up, full of wonder and curiosity at the singular spectacle they presented.

Lord Strathmore, by common consent, assumed of his companions, was spokesman of the party. He had escaped from a penalty more daring his recent sufferings, but had been meekly, reserved, and grim of visage. He announced his rank and authority befitting his high rank and station. He swelled with importance. He felt himself every inch a Lord Governor-General of Australia. He was never more deeply interested in any man in my life," he exclaimed. "I am alone in the world, Miss Pelham, and I have employed myself as a ship-doctor merely to satisfy my own restlessness. But this is different. Others can have a little money, enough to keep me simply as I am. I am rich, Miss Pelham, and I am a victim of some base conspiracy, and I intend to bring a villain to justice. You and your father have lost my post with the ship, and I shall not forget my debt to you in the future."

"If anything could be done to spare him the indignities usually visited upon convicts," said the captain, politely, "I would endeavor you while I live, Doctor Marsh. Ralph Chandos is innocent as you are yourself, and I believe that you suspect that he loved her, and she knew well that any suggestion of the kind to her father would be only at the price of her hand."

Lord Strathmore, interpreting her silence aright. The future looked very dark and gloomy for her and her father, but she thought only of where for the poor young fellow.

Lord Strathmore, with comfortable fare, refreshed from torturing anxieties, restored the fugitives to their natural color, and the sullenness of their former arrives. Chandos remained to the forecastle, where he was joined by Marsh and Mr. Gray, and now and then seeing from after the eyes of the girl he loved looking upon him with tenderness and sympathy, as she passed through the through. That lovely, faithful face, full of sorrow for his own fate, and of grief and sympathy for his griefs, mourned over him, and besieged Heaven daily with prayers in his behalf.

The *Duke of Wellington* was a good sailer. In a week's time she was in the neighborhood of the location of the seventh day after the rescue of Lord Strathmore's party, there was great excitement on board of the ship, and the horizon was discerning land. This time line, on nearer approach, developed into a low, sandy island, covered with trees. The wind had shifted to the north-east, and the captain was steering for Port Phillip. Joy was the sign and grandeur of the cliffs were now conspicuous. The ship was making through the perceptible, although the passage between them was only a mile in width, and the shore of Middle Head, appearing in the opening.

The pilot was already upon on board a pilot, who came out in a small boat, in the time rounded the towering North Head, and entered the bay. Before them were the opposite lines of cliffs, which formed immense buttresses to the right and to the left.

The scene, to English eyes, was very striking. The cliffs were grand, and the bay stretched out into the water, the strange trees, the gums, with their high-reaching trunks, the peculiar shrubs, the grass, the shrubs, and all the peculiarities of the Australian landscape were objects of the eager eyes.

Lord Strathmore's bosom swelled as he gazed upon the land over which he had come to rule. He felt a sense of proprietorship in the scene, and therefore virtually monarch of this great southern continent. He felt himself a king as he entered the bay, and his exultation was at last gratified. He felt that his life was a success, that he had accomplished a great purpose, and that the result at which he had aimed.

He turned to look to himself that only one thing more remained to be desired, and that one thing was Miss Pelham. Miss Pelham, the girl approached him and stood at his side.

"I have found you, my lord governor," said Captain Hawkesbury; "said, in the meantime, if I may be allowed to offer you my hand in the service."

Lord Strathmore acknowledged this politeness by a bow.

The captain opened the door of a stateroom near at hand.

"Miss Pelham," he said, "this room is at your service. I will have the steward make up the berth with fresh linen while you are at breakfast. This is the first officer's stateroom. I have been trying to turn out for a lady. You will find clean linen and a good berth in the stateroom. I shall will bring you a new coupe and brush immediately. I am only sorry that I have not anticipated your wishes."

Miss Pelham expressed her thanks, and retired into the room assigned her, closing the door.

Her father and the doctor were next provided for, with lodgings quite near to her.

The captain brought clean linen from his own stores and those of his officers, and supplied the gentlemen. Clothes-brushes were brought into requisition, and old and worn garments were brushed and shaken into cleanliness and respectability.

Miss Pelham secured her door and took a thorough, and gentle, feeling thereby greatly refreshed. She was nearly dressed when the captain knocked at her door, and informed her that he had found place clean linen for her among the stores of the convicts, and begged her acceptance of it. When he had departed, she opened her door and took in the things he had brought. The linen proved to be coarse and ill-made, but it was clean, and the young lady accepted it with gratitude. The coarse and brush restored her disheveled locks to glossy smoothness. Her black gown was yet whole and decent. A white pocket-handkerchief—one of the captain's—hung about her neck, supplied the lack of a collar. Her toilet thus renovated, she repaired to the cabin.

Breakfast was upon the table; steaming coffee, boiled eggs, fresh bread, cold meat and ship's biscuit, made up a repast that seemed to the very arrivals fit for a Sybarite.

Lord Strathmore came forward and offered his arm to Miss Pelham to lead her to the table. She declined the proffered assistance with a coldness that startled him. He feared lest, in his enmity to his enemy, he had gone too far.

"My dear Miss Pelham," he pleaded, in an undertone, "do not be angry with me. I could I do differently in regard to Chandos? Do you suppose that I do not see the disgrace of the connection, and that I would not assist in escape if I could? But duty, to a father, has, in a sterner word. I cannot betray the trust reposed in me. Believing Chandos guilty, I dare not overlook in my conscience, or my duty, as far as to show him favor. If I am your enemy, Miss Pelham, by my adherence to duty, then I am, indeed, the most miserable of men."

The baron infused so much of seeming sincerity and passionate earnestness into his tones, that he more than made up with his humble nature than innocent Gerda might well have been impressed by them. But she was not impressed, as he stood near, and he held out his hand to Lord Strathmore, asking for mercy.

"You do well, Strathmore, to adhere to your principles of duty," said the captain. "I myself desire to shield your unhappy cousin, and to favor him. I will respect you all the more for your strict adherence to duty. Gerda is not offended with you. How could she be? Whatever Chandos was to you single and imperative. Gerda is now her brother, and is proabled by old Lord Strathmore's murder. Gerda is now her brother, and is proabled by old Lord Strathmore's murder. Gerda is now her brother, and is proabled by old Lord Strathmore's murder

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

The Matrimonial Market.

We read the above title to an article in one of our highly respectable daily journals a few days ago. The thought occurred to us, Is there really any such thing, in this country, as a matrimonial market?

Strictly speaking, there is not. American daughters are not sold, like the beautiful Circassian girls, to the highest bidder. Yet, after all, it cannot be denied that the disposal, in marriage, of many young ladies, partakes very largely of the nature of a matrimonial market. Love, congeniality, happiness—these are secondary considerations; money stands before them all.

Of course, this principle of disposing of daughters prevails only among the ambitious, the selfish, the worldly-minded; but in fashionable society there are a good many of these.

One secret of the numerous infidelities in married life, and of the terrible experiences revealed in divorce suits, may be found in the fact that the hand is so often given in marriage without the heart—that, indeed, the hand is so often given to one when the heart had already been previously given to another.

A matrimonial market must necessarily be a market in which, whatever the nominal terms may be, a future of disappointment and woe are in reality contracted for.

Woman Suffrage—A Suggestion for the Benefit of the Babies.

It was very gallant in Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate, before whom the lady delegates recently appeared, at Washington, to advocate female suffrage, to offer a resolution to the effect that the addresses by the ladies had been characterized by dignity, fairness, eloquence and power. The Committee adopted the resolution, and we judge by the speeches that the compliment was merited.

How would it do, if female suffrage were to be established, to provide that women and men should vote alternate years? We make the suggestion for the benefit of the babies, so that when the women should be absent at the polls the men might remain at home to rock the cradle.

The late Mr. GREELEY used to maintain that women did not really want to vote; a very few might, but women in general did not. We are half inclined to think that he was right, for women so much prefer to have their way, we are disposed to believe that if they had cared much about voting, the privilege would have been extended to them long ago.

The Ravages of Diphtheria.

The *Post*, published at Rochester, Minnesota, referring to an afflicted family in that city, says:

"Elsewhere we publish the death of the eldest daughter of the family, which occurred on Friday night of last week. Within the past two days, three more of the family—all little girls, under the age of twelve years—have followed their sister into the unknown.

"There were ten children in the family, and the remaining six, together with the afflicted mother, are all down with the same disease—diphtheria—of which the four died."

Diphtheria is by some attributed to imperfect sewage and drainage. Whatever the cause may be, it is to be hoped that it will, ere long, become known for a certainty, together with some preventive or remedy, for many a household is now made desolate by this dreaded visitor.

Acquitted, but not Discharged.

Three tramps were tried, a few days ago, in Pennsylvania, for forcibly entering a station-house on a railroad, and retaining possession of it. The evidence was insufficient to maintain the charge, and they were acquitted.

The Judge, in charging the court, however, expressed the opinion that though this particular accusation was not proved, he still thought them dangerous characters, and required them to find bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, to keep the peace for different periods of time, from two years and eight months to two years and ten months. Bail in this amount they were unable to furnish, so they bid fair, after their acquittal, to be imprisoned about as long as they would have been if they had been convicted.

Unfortunate.

We wish the persons who managed the Charter Oak Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, might have called it by some other name.

We have not, in this young country, too many proud local historical reminiscences, and what we have should be sacredly preserved. The giving of the grand old name of Charter Oak to such a worthless fraud as half of what we hear be true, was, to say the least, unfortunate.

"Caught"—A Coincidence.

Mr. WILLIAM J. GILMAN, formerly a highly esteemed broker in insurance scrip, was recently detected in numerous frauds, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for five years. Since his fall his large collection of paintings has been sold at auction. By a singular coincidence, the name of the first picture offered happened to be "*Caught*."

Bulgarian Gratitude.

A lady who went to Philippolis to relieve the sufferings of the destitute, was charged four times the ordinary price for the rent of a house, and six times the ordinary fee for pack-horses to carry her goods intended for free distribution!

She might have found appreciation equal to this nearer home.

Blue Birds in Mid-Winter.

Robins have been quite plenty, in the neighborhood of New York this far, throughout the winter, and January seventeenth blue birds were seen on Long Island, flying from tree to tree, and singing as sweetly as in May.

WORDS.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., N.Y.

(Respectfully Dedicated to Boys and Girls.)

"I gave my word," says Mr. A., "and I feel bound to keep my promise at any inconvenience."

"He sent no word," says Mr. B., "that I might depend on him, come what might; I have his message."

"He gave the word," says Mr. C., "and, of course, all started at once," appointed signal.

"We had some words," says D., referring to a sharp dispute he had with his former partner.

"I am going to be married to Miss E., one of your congregation, and I came to see when you could say the words," says Farmer F., as he stands, hat in hand, looking rather ashamed of himself, yet with a good, manly bearing behind his blushes, in presence of English Parson G.

"He preaches the word," says Mr. H., as he winds up an impromptu testimonial to his excellent pastor, which, for genuine appreciation, tells his people, as he expounds the Scriptures, of the "Word made flesh," and how, as our words reveal the intentions of the unseen mind within, so the Incarnate Word reveals the will of the Invisible One.

The use of words is the exclusive privilege of man among terrestrial creatures. Men can write words and make books, and the next wonderful thing in the world to a man is his book. Indeed, a man can live and labour in his book, when his body has ceased to enshrine a spirit. Plato, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Thiers, and, in a field higher than theirs, Paul—how much of these men lives in their words! It is no mere small allowance of time and space, how much a man can extend himself by his words! The editor of a morning paper is, let us hope, getting into a healthy sleep about seven or eight o'clock, A. M.; but what is he doing? He is in bed it is true; He is in a thousand houses in the city, and in motion by every railway that leaves it, and will keep travelling, talking, imparting ideas over all the neighboring States, one cannot tell how long. If any wonder that the press has such a fascination for active, self-asserting minds? That is a true and not bad instinct that expressed itself in the boy, who stood up at a relative's wedding and was duly put in print as "Grand Uncle" to the bride, and so see my name in the paper, and it has come at last. I'm so glad!"

But words are only representatives—greenbacks behind which there ought to be the coin of thought, feeling, intelligence. One can get a sum of money in a single note, or in a pocketful of smaller bills, or coins. And as in the coins and notes of the various lands, so it is with the words; in some there is more beauty, greater artistic expression, than in others. But beauty is not the first thing, only the second. A note may have a dirty, yellowlooking look, and be issued by a ruffled cashier, but it is good at the bank for its face value. Or it may be clean, fresh and artistic, but they will take off forty-five per cent. of its face value in paying you. So with words; and our preference is for the less gaudy—however homely—that are true wholly. Fine words only partially true are a depreciated currency.

Men are sometimes extravagant in words as in currency. Here is the way in which diffuse, dramatizing, rhetorical Dr. Dodd, by original, the Scotch cook to give him a bit of mutton from the loin:

"Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the same in the boiling place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—as such so, indeed, as to threaten nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to get the mutton in a different way, rather than a loggitudinal, form."

No wonder that the cook, to whom he spoke so deferentially as a duchess, said: "The body has an awfu' sicht o' words. Mr. De Quinsey reads a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldun ken what he was driving at."

The loquacity of the general burry of our time repress this wordiness in a degree, unless where men are specially trained by the law. As Coleridge undertook to write poetry for Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, at a guinea and a half the hundred lines, so Erskine, "the famous" "England expects every man to do his duty," would have longer and weaker but for considerations of dispatch. Lord Nelson had "confides that" and "expects" was so in the signal-list, and "expects" was; and so Mr. Pasco had leave to put "expects," to save spelling and punctuation. Dr. Dodd, or original taste to signal "ready for chop."

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Many Marriages.

[From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.]

There is a justice of the peace in Washington county who has married one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine couples.

ACTING FOR EFFECT.

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

There is a great difference in people. This is not a new or profound saying, but it is one that is often forgotten. And in certain, in some cases, you see the real wood—it may be rather rough and gnarled and knotty, not of the most lovely and beautiful grain, not smoothed and polished, but it is the real stuff of which the man is made, for the better or worse. In other cases you never see the real wood at all, but only some thin coat of varnish veneering, in which the man has encased himself. Some persons act from the necessity of their nature, not without guidance and control, according to what they really believe and feel; others act for effect, to gratify personal vanity, or from the desire to show themselves off for more than they are worth, or in general, because they are anxious to produce an impression. There are two ways in which this weakness manifests itself.

I. Some affect *style*. They will make almost any sacrifice, for some to be in the fashion. They are fond of talking about their ancestors, if they happen to have any—give the old shoulder to their poor relations—hang a blazing coat-of-arms on the parlor walls—get up the most extravagant crests and monograms—covet titles—try to sink the shop, when the shop has made them all that they are—court the best society, and perhaps give parties and dinners which they can poorly afford, and have much to say of persons of title and rank, and in other connections use French words in a somewhat miscellaneous manner. They buy books, for fashion's sake, and take fashionable or scientific periodicals, which they never read. They speak of their grandfather, if they happen to keep more than one, as "my people"—of the back, which they hire, as "our carriage"—of the boy whose work is to be a footman—the woman hired to do the washing is a laundress—the butcher of whom they deal is "my son's tutor." They go to church where the other fashionable families go, shop where they shop, and live in the way in which they see that they are buried.

II. Some affect *wit*. They labor painfully to restore the marks of a period that is fast vanishing, and to efface the marks of a period that is fast coming in. They come over in dress, padding and skimping, flowering and ribboning, and putting on the gayest of the flowers and feathers and birds and butterflies, and—milliners only know what. They labor over their gait, suffering much in the way of double and skip and trip, as they once did, and it may be, getting the old grotesque backward, to avoid toppling over. They labor over their speech, fighting against the cracked falsetto, trying to get something of the old sacred pipe, and mincing the words that it is so hard to articulate. O, my dear aged friends, why will you toil so hard for naught? The autumn-leaf, in its way, may be as beautiful as the rose, but you are not going to be a flower. There is nothing to be ashamed of in growing old—all people will grow old, if they live long enough. But the age that simply nurtures that I know of, that always retain the appearance of youth, and they do it by changing their skins every year. This is what we call—Snow.

III. Some, strange to say, affect *silliness*—more especially of the "female persuasion." To giggle and simper and gabble like monkeys, does not conduce to real cheerfulness. No class of human beings, old or young, make themselves attractive by this simple nonsense. It is not well to laugh at a thing because you don't understand it, or express a sentiment, because you don't feel it, or to despise a pursuit, because it is above you. It is easier that you do all this, but better you may try to appear like one. If you were, there would be no use in saying so. You have brains, if you would only condescend to use them—you know something, although you pretend to be so ignorant. You are not so shallow as you profess not to care. Heaven has put more in your heart and mind than you, when you are present, may laugh most heartily at you, when you are absent.

IV. Strangest of all affectations is that of the young man occasionally put on a swagger and assume an evil tone. Fortunately few indulge in them. They boast that they are never affected by any quantity of liquor, and they would not need to it, that a glass of wine would upset them. They know too much of the world to be easily taken in. They "don't" was up in the signal-list, and "expects" was; and so Mr. Pasco had leave to put "expects," to save spelling and punctuation. Dr. Dodd, or original taste to signal "ready for chop."

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A Western Estimate of the Ledger.

[From the Edwardsville (Ill.) Republican.]

For the year just ended we have read every newspaper and much profit from reading the New York *Ledger*. When we speak of it as the king of literary papers, we but half express our belief. It comes to us each week freighted with wholesome thoughts, choice stories, sound advice, and sweetest strains of poesy. Our national existence would be rendered better if every family circle was provided with the *Ledger*.

TROUBLES I NEED NOT HAVE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hold hither your face, New Year.
Till I kiss the angel's kiss.
And look in the youthful eyes.
Ere they welter Time's sure eclipse.
What! Never a word, New Year?
No promises glowing to me?
No glimpse at your closed palm,
At the mystic I cannot see?
What lies underneath the blooms
And soft-wrapping verdure of May
What centures the golden locust
Beside the hot midsummer day?
What safe-garnered wine, the year,
In the round of October's crown?
What hopes lie with folded hands
Where snow-flakes come hurrying down?
What purpose I hold shall fail?
What longing I have transmuted shimmer dim?
What shadows shall shape themselves
Into substance, sunless and grim?
What songs I have loved grow dumb?
What harmonies cease, and die?
Let me peep in your palm, New Year;
Hark! something stirs! Up and by!
Stop! I remember my creed—
To leave for the Master, His care,
And take every day's task as it comes,
Bear what He has bidden me bear.
If I fail or succeed,
Of God's purposes here, what then?
Does He bid me know it all?
With my pitiful human ken?
To me it seems wiser far
To still trust Him, and see
That some I have borne the while,
Were never intended by Him to exist,
So I lay them on His hands,
Confident, at the year's close, to wait
For gifts in your folded palm,
And the treasures behind the gate.

LIFE IN A LOCOMOTIVE.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Literature in these days throws light into many an out-of-the-way corner. It is rapidly making us all acquainted with one another. A locomotive engineer in England has recently published a book about his life and work, and, as he says, "to communicate that species of knowledge which it is necessary for an engine-driver to know, is to communicate a high order of footplate!" He magnifies his office, and evidently regards the position of an engineer as highly enviable.

"It is very *natural*," he remarks, "for those who are unacquainted with locomotive driving to admire the life of an engine-man, and to imagine that the position of engine-driver is the highest one. But they do not think of the gradations by which alone the highest positions are reached; they see only on the express engine the picturesque side of the result of many years of patient observation and toil."

This passage was to me a revelation; for I had always supposed that the fireman, assistant with some compassion as well as admiration, and have often thought how extremely disagreeable it must be to travel on the engine as they do. Not so Michael Reynolds, the author of this book, who "rose from the rank of fireman to that of locomotive inspector on the London and Northern railroad." He tells us that a model engineer "is possessed by a master passion—a passion for the mastery of the engine. Nothing about him is distinguished, also, for his minute knowledge of the engine, and nothing about him more than to get some new light upon one of its numberless parts. So familiar is he with it that his whole soul seems to be given to him in the beats of the machinery, and can tell the shocks and knocks which are unnatural to the engine apart from those which are due to a defective engine. Even his nose acquires a peculiar sensitiveness. In the hurly-burly of the road, he can detect that which arises from friction before it manifests itself to the eye, and every rate of speed he knows just how his engine ought to sound, shake, and smell.

Talking of the bowing: Poor Mr. Bobolink! how mortified he is! He has bowed most gracefully to a pallid bust of Pallas upon a pedestal. If near-sighted people would make use of eyeglasses! "Do you suppose she means to cut me?" he asks himself, in a mournful tone of voice. "That fair girl in white? It's Miss Blanch Blaine; *I should know her* by her complection in my company."

Horror of horrors! There is Miss Bliss, the restless, wide-awake Miss Bliss. Good Miss Pleasem undertook to advise her to sacrifice to the graces a little, for so grand an occasion. The result is known to all unacclimated to "dow-curtain—I *think* it is a window-curtain—over grass grenadine, and a scarlet sash. She also dropped her hair down her back on purpose for not her comb by accident? No one will ever know.

The Lancers! Mr. Spitz is coming to ask me to dance. I only wish it was genteel to call the figures; but it is not. The men in that set are learned, scientific, or literary persons. When the leader of the set calls out the figures they have said: "Certainly; one should always conform to custom on such occasions;" and now they will stand in their respective posts, each talking of his hobby, until despairing partners exclaim: "*Our* turn, please." Then they will amble about a little, be dragged back, hit their heads together, tear the ladies' dresses, stop, turn the wrong way, and how to everybody indiscriminately, and become the laughing-stock of the room—all concerning men who know every step and figure perfectly, and are too lazy to do them. A literary and scientific set of Lancers! Excuse me. Here I go, Mr. Spitz always fails down with his partner, too.

Mr. Spitz wants to know whether the tall, splendid gentleman in side-whiskers is the celebrated Mr. Bowles? Wonder who's divorced something, or did something wonderful. I say "No," will inspect him. The person with the dusty coat, who skulked in just now and he came after the spoons, and sits on a low chair behind his hostess? Oh, that is the most glorious combination of side whisker, white glove, and hot-house buttonhole in the room.

Now, *who* does old Mr. Scroggins say to middle-aged Miss Rogers? "Our dancing days are over, and it pleases us best to look on, now?" Does he mean to say that he came to make himself agreeable at an evening party? And, pshaw! a mistake has happened just as I expected. Miss Gunningham is talking to someone whom I take else "insists not him since the Charity Ball," and she says, "No, no; you're mistaken, I assure you." "Dear me, Mr. Spitz, I *knew* you not last?" "Oh, no; not at all."

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A Relief from Hard Times.

[From the Whitewater (Wisconsin) Register.]

There is an open door of escape for many from the troubles of "hard times." Any man who has the true American spirit and will can carry himself and family to the rich farming lands of the West and South-west, cannot only make a good home, but can lay the foundation of a fortune. In Kansas and Nebraska a man can secure in one hundred and twenty acres of land by the payment of only fourteen dollars in fees. Assume hard to a person who has a home and all the pleasant relations of friends and society well established to his tastes, to break away and start a new under circumstances which involve hardships and privations; and it seems hard to advise one's friends to go away and seek homes elsewhere. But we think that there is no place in the world like the West offer the best opportunity for men of energy and enterprise that can be found.

Turn Him Out.

[From the Cincinnati Intelligencer.]

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There are some not in heaven where the family happiness for years is marred by the presence of some exacting, ungrateful and selfish man or woman who has means at command, and who might quite as well dwell somewhere else. I have seen the sweet confidences of a house made near impossible, the daily delight of children shadowed, the mother's cares doubled, and her temper fretted, and the general pleasantness of things obscured by the fact that one cross, unsympathizing and complaining soul, like an evil leaven, pervaded all that went on.

Never Ate Any Meat.

[From the Hartford Times.]

Captain Stephen Tiffany, a soldier of 1812, who died at Walpole, N. H., recently, aged 85, never, during his whole life, ate any meat or drank any milk, and was never sick except when at the age of 60 he had the measles.

THE SILENT WOOER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Were it well if her smile should brighten
As she marks my fevered air,
Just a moment my heart to lighten
Of its torturing load of care?
Ah, no! If she reads the wherefore
Of my pallor, unrest and pain,
Better still from far, like a cold, white star,
Show naught but her calm disdain.

Yet I love her, alas! how madly,
And, of all at her queenly call
Who simper and sigh so gladly
For a look or a word let fall,
Feels she ever such pure devotion
Of spirit and mind and heart
As mine, as mine, which is all divine,
Though it worship in stealth apart?

But, alas! what whispereth to me
To find 'neath her proud repose
A kindness at times—to undo me,
Or to make, or to mar, who knows?
Last night, when I turned her music,
And she saw how my strong hand shook,
Did no tremor creep in her song's rich sweep?
Was there never a start—a look?

And again, when I saw her coming
Her bouquets with a listless air,
My little moss-rose lay blushing
Alone in her raven hair.
There were jewels at throat, ear and bosom,
But no other flower she wore;
And she must have known, from my beds alone,
Such roses had come before.

How the costlier blooms it cheapened
As it blushed in the shadowy hair!
And meshought that her own cheek deepened
As my dazed look sought it there.
But an many lovered to flatter—
The rich, the proud and the gay—
May it not have chanced that her lover glanced
Another and fairer way?

Howsoever it be, 'twere better
She should know of my jealous pain,
Just a space my heart to unfetter
Of its torturing, clinging pain.
Better far the outspoken passion
That must shock or entrance her ear,
Than the death-in-life of this haunting strife
Between passion and hope and fear.

THE
Mystery of Twichley Hall.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. GORDON.

Dr. Gordon lost no time in getting his guest to bed. He fully expected that the following morning would find him in a raging fever from which he could not easily rally; but, much to his surprise, before the other inmates of the house were astir, and even before the doctor himself had arisen, Duncannon was heard anxiously pacing the floor of his chamber.

The institution to which we have introduced the reader was a small, retired establishment—a "retreat" rather than an asylum for the insane. Only a limited number of patients were received, and these were treated more like members of one large family than as unfortunates whose condition rendered them objects of suspicion and alarm. It is true that a strict guardianship was maintained, and, in some instances, restraint, when necessary, was imposed; but such occasions were rare under the kind and wise management of the excellent superintendent.

Dr. Gordon was a man whose native endowments especially fitted him for the position he held. Not only did he command the liking, and even the affection of his unhappy charges, but he also became the friend and adviser of those who brought acquaintances or relatives to put under his care.

For many years he had known Arthur Duncannon. Their intercourse began under trying and peculiar circumstances, and, as time passed, the amiable physician found that his regard for the young man steadily increased.

During Duncannon's absence in Europe, a regular, though infrequent, correspondence had been maintained, the nature of which served to cement the friendship which had already been established. It was with real sorrow, therefore, that Dr. Gordon saw his friend so unmistakably involved in trouble.

Consequently, when he heard Duncannon's nervous footsteps, he hastily quitted his own bed, and, throwing a dressing-gown on, he prepared, of which he and Duncannon alone partook.

The young man was chary of talk, depressed in spirits, and evidently struggling with physical as well as mental disquietude. Dr. Gordon's cheerful efforts to draw his mind from himself and his difficulties were quite unsuccessful, so much so, that at the close of the meal Duncannon tendered him a frank apology for his seeming churlishness.

"In fact, my dear Doctor," he said, "I think I must make a confidant of you before you will accept my excuses."

"Don't mention anything of the kind, or feel that you must seek my pardon," was the cheery doctor. "I have lived long enough to know that people can't go through life without trouble in one way or another, and if we were all bound to confide in our acquaintances on such scores, there would be few secrets in the world, I imagine."

"My motive in confiding in you is a selfish one, I fear," Duncannon answered. "I am in trouble."

"That's clear enough, my dear friend."

"I want your counsel and assistance."

"Both shall be readily given," was the physician's hearty reply. "You have only to tell me in what way I can serve you."

A servant had removed the breakfast things; so the two gentlemen drew their chairs toward the five place in the doctor's pleasant morning-room, and seated themselves for confidential talk.

Dr. Gordon was greatly surprised by the first question which his guest propounded.

"Was my aunt, Miss Armitage, murdered, or did she commit suicide?"

"Why, my dear sir, you take me quite aback by so unexpected a question," exclaimed he. "She committed suicide."

"Is that your firm, unbiased belief?"

"It is, most certainly."

"Will you be good enough to tell me upon what you found your belief?"

"Upon every circumstance connected with your relative's life and death. She had no enemies, had she?"

"Assuredly not; none that might really be called such."

"Were there any vicious servants in her employ who would have committed such a deed?"

"None."

"Did her room present any appearance of a murderer's having entered it?"

"None whatever. Her doors and windows were found so securely fastened that her servants were forced to break the bolts and bars of her room in entering it."

"And never since then, I believe, has any mode of ingress, by which a murderer could gain access to her room, been discovered?"

"Never."

"Then, my dear Mr. Duncannon, why should this question of a possible murder have arisen?"

"Because I have been accused of committing it."

Dr. Gordon sprang to his feet as if electrified.

"What, Duncannon?" he exclaimed. "*You* accused of *murder*?"

"Yes, I am accused of having caused Miss Armitage's death."

"It's a lie! It's a false, base slander!" cried the physician, stamping his foot heavily upon the floor.

"And yet my accuser brings forward abundant testimony to prove that I really did the deed."

"He manufactures the evidence himself, then," retorted the doctor.

"No, he does not," answered the other. "His evidence is entirely circumstantial, entirely founded upon circumstances which transpired at the time, as well as upon other facts and incidents of an irrefragable nature."

The superintendent looked at his guest for some seconds in silence.

"Is it possible you are your own accuser?" he said. "Has your aunt's terrible death so worked upon your imagination that you are beside yourself, and are striving to constitute yourself her murderer? In my professional experience I have known of such cases, but, upon my word, I should never have suspected you of being the victim of such a delusion."

"It is no delusion. Would to Heaven it were!" ejaculated Duncannon. "To make a long story short, Doctor, I find that some years ago I innocently made an enemy of a person whom I considered a friend, and to whom I owed some little debt of gratitude. For years, that person has been nursing his wrath and waiting for an opportunity when he could gratify his revenge. A month or so ago, I ingenuously gave him the opportunity he sought. I appointed him my agent at Twichley, and wrote him to put the Park in a habitable condition for my future residence. In a postscript, if I remember rightly, I made some reference to my aunt's apartments in the north wing, and directed that they should not be disturbed, as they were unpleasantly associated in my mind with past events."

"A very natural feeling, indeed," interpolated the doctor.

"So it seemed to me," continued Duncannon; "and I little thought that any one could misconstrue that feeling. But my agent found in that innocent remark the very opportunity he had been waiting for so long. He saw in my dislike of those rooms an evidence of guilt, and thus my suspicion fell upon me. Skilful mass of evidence against me, that unless I have instant help from some powerful quarter I fear I am lost."

"Do say that, Duncannon," cried the doctor, energetically. "An innocent man should not despair at the first breath of suspicion."

Arthur Duncannon answered gravely:

"When you know all, Dr. Gordon, you will see that I have the greatest cause for alarm. Could I conscientiously throw the suspicion from my own shoulders and cast it where it is possible it properly belongs, I should have no fear; but I am bound by circumstances which make me helpless."

"Explain yourself," said the physician.

"Pardon me, Dr. Gordon, and it will not be necessary for me to explain."

DUNCANNON'S MEETING WITH MR. DUDLEY.

"Do you refer in any manner to your unhappy relative under my charge?"

"I do."

The superintendent mused a few moments, and then resumed:

"Apart from the drift of the questions you put to Stephenson last evening concerning Mr. Dudley, I inferred that you suspected him of having caused some mischief."

"Mischief!" repeated Duncannon, excitedly, his manner suddenly changing from apathetic calmness to vigorous activity. "Mischief! If it is proven that Miss Armitage was murdered, then Hiram Dudley is her murderer!"

For an instant Dr. Gordon stopped breathing. "Impossible!" he promptly ejaculated.

"How could a patient under my charge commit such a deed, and I have no knowledge or suspicion of it?"

"Think a moment—a very short moment," said Duncannon. "You will see I have ample occasion for suspecting him. Where was he the night of Miss Armitage's death? Did not Stephenson say that he visited the attendants that evening?"

"He certainly did; but he was not gone long enough to go to Twichley and back, besides accomplishing what you suspect."

"How do you know that, Doctor? Stephenson truly admits that he does not know how long Dudley was gone when his absence was discovered."

"That is very true, Duncannon; but reflect upon the time such a deed would require. The Park is full eight miles from here. Dudley could not have visited Twichley and, a distance of sixteen miles; could not have gained a difficult access to Miss Armitage's apartments; could not have murdered her, and, subsequently, and murdered her in the time he was proven to have been at the Park at nine o'clock that evening. It couldn't have been later than ten when his absence was discovered, and at midnight he was found. Granting that he left here at ten, or even at nine o'clock, immediately after his usually evening visit to the wards, he would only have had three hours to go and come from Twichley. A horse could scarcely have made the distance in that time."

"But consider," said Duncannon, "consider the rapidity of a madman's movements! When mania is on such an one, I doubt not he would be able to outrun a fleet horse. And then, too, consider that Stephenson and those with him met Dudley coming from the direction of Twichley."

"Very true."

"He was in the wildest state of excitement."

"Yes."

"His hands were bloody; Stephenson supposed from thorns and briars, but I believe from a different cause."

"It is possible, but not probable," remarked the physician.

"Consider, too, that his first movement was to seize Stephenson by the throat, as he had doubtless made his victim, very well. He was elated and excited beyond measure, Stephenson says. He laughed immoderately, and, as you must surely remember, Doctor, that is the manner of maniacs when they have successfully accomplished some murderous purpose."

Dr. Gordon's manner became more grave, but evidently he was not yet convinced by his visitor's words.

Duncannon proceeded:

"You must also be aware, Doctor, that between my aunt and Hiram Dudley there was some mysterious connection."

"From the first I suspected as much," he answered.

"You know, also, it was at her request that I brought him here and put him under your charge."

"Yes."

"I clearly remember that, from that period, my aunt's inquiries concerning him ceased. Before that period, when he resided at an institution similar to yours in town, she expected from me regular reports of his health and mental condition. But from the date of his coming to you she never mentioned his name, except to bid me charge you to keep strict watch over him, and see that he did not escape."

"That is very true," again acquiesced the doctor. "She also wrote me upon the same subject, and even hinted that my guard was not so severe as it should be."

"Is that indeed true?" exclaimed Duncannon. "Have you the note still in your keeping? I beg you sincerely that you have not destroyed it."

The doctor arose, and going to an adjoining room, which was his study, opened an escritoir, and after some time spent in rummaging among old papers, letters, bills and receipts, presently returned with a tiny note in his hand. It was delicately written, worded and folded, a good specimen of a lady's billet of a long past day.

A faint odor of lavender exhaled from it as the physician unfolded it. He passed it over to Duncannon, who read:

"Miss Euphemia Armitage presents her most respectful compliments to Dr. William Gordon, and begs he will be in nowise offended if she makes a certain request respecting an invalid under Dr. Gordon's care, who is her, Miss Armitage's, relative.

"She begs leave to suggest that strict care should be taken that, for the present, he does not quit the precincts of the institution where he resides, for it has become known to Miss Armitage that his mood is a very excitable one, and she dreads any aggravation of his malady. Miss Armitage would be greatly indebted to Dr. Gordon, if he would increase the number of Mr. Dudley's attendants so he may be, for the present, under constant surveillance."

The missive was dated June 26th of the year preceding the writer's decease.

"This note is of priceless value to me," said Duncannon.

"Then retain it by all means. I am in the habit of preserving the letters of my patrons, but this is of no possible interest to me since Miss Armitage's death."

"I doubt if there is a more important bit of writing in your possession," said Duncannon. "May I ask if you complied with the request which this note contains?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. "I did so for a time; but when Mr. Dudley became better, I saw no further necessity for such strict watch and so dismissed the additional attendant."

"Stephenson spoke last evening of certain escapades which Mr. Dudley had made prior to the adventure which you related. Did those escapades take place before, or after, you received this note?"

"Before, if I remember rightly."

"Then this note was occasioned by them."

"How so, pray? How could Miss Armitage have known of them?"

"I believe in visions of her at such times."

"Impossible, my dear Duncannon. Just as impossible as that he could have gone to the Park the night of my aunt's death."

"And I assure you, Dr. Gordon, it is equally possible that he visited the Park on all occasions," replied Duncannon, with decision.

The physician's face flushed with something like anger at being thus almost flatly contradicted in a matter where his own professional accuracy was involved.

Duncannon noticed his annoyance, and hastened to make a suitable apology:

"Forgive me if I seem rude in my assertions," he said, holding out his hand, which his companion unhesitatingly accepted. "I do not set my own knowledge and full approval; but that he ever could have made such visits when under surveillance I do not acknowledge, for it would have been an utter impossibility, either to elude us for so long, or to make the excursion in so short a time."

"And yet, Doctor, what if I were to tell you that at that period—the period just preceding the date of this letter—a certain old servant in my aunt's employ used to bear voices in her room late at night, after she had retired and locked herself in for the night?"

The superintendent regarded his companion with scornful, even with indignant,

"Duncannon," he exclaimed, "are you aware that an imputation you are casting upon your dead relative is unmanly?"

Duncannon quickly said:

"Do not misunderstand me, sir. There is much in Miss Armitage's life which mysifies and perplexes me. What relationship there may have been between her and Mr. Dudley we do not know, but whatever that relationship may have been, it was of the most upright and honorable kind. I repeat that the old man-servant in my aunt's employ used to speak frequently of hearing voices in her room late at night—voices in dispute, he asserted. Now, what if it should be shown that Dudley, by the same means whereby he left his room here, gained access to that of Miss Armitage at the Park, and so visited her whenever he eluded his guardians? If that fact should be established, it would not be quite necessary to prove that he had at last made a deadly assault upon her. This is one who would be blind to events which transpired almost before my eyes?"

Duncannon replied with some spirit:

"Nevertheless, you must and should not dispute the evidence of others too strongly. It is admitted that some of your assistants were at times careless and disobedient; so, why not acknowledge that their carelessness and disobedience may have had unhappy, even terrible, results? Why are you so averse to receiving my testimony in this matter?"

"Because, my dear Duncannon, I look upon your testimony as a theory which your peculiar position makes more probable to you than it would seem to any one else."

"You certainly cannot believe me base enough to wish to save myself at the cost of implicating an innocent man."

"I do not think so unworthily of you, my friend. Yet when you assert that a man performs a deed which is emphatically impossible, I must think that your conclusions are at fault."

Arthur Duncannon inwardly groaned. He had come to this place for aid from the only person in the wide world who could help him, and this person refused to credit him, and, in thus refusing, knocked from beneath his feet the last plank between him and destruction.

"Besides," said the doctor, in continuance, little imagining the anguish his words caused him who heard them; "besides, you forget that every circumstance attending your aunt's death confirmed her suicide. She died alone, alone with a garden knife, which the gardener himself had seen her use only that very day, and she had taken the knife to her room that morning, as her maid testified. Why should she have done so peculiar a thing if she had not some object in so doing? Why did she not send the knife to the tool-house, or leave it below stairs, where such things were ordinarily kept?"

"Very true," replied Duncannon; "but do you not also remember that it was her custom to keep some defensive weapon in her chamber, and that the spot which she selected was near her, needing some trifling repair, she took this knife in its place?"

"Why did your aunt have such a fancy for defensive weapons?" asked the doctor.

"For the same reason, I suppose, that she locked herself into her room at night so securely, and for the same reason that I myself have found her observed the same habit. But to return to the subject of suicide: When you were called to my aunt's room the dreadful night, did you observe anything in the manner of her seeming death which would have entirely refuted the supposition of suicide; that is, was the wound of such a nature that another hand beside her own might have dealt it?"

"Yes, I certainly think so," replied the physician. "Had there been any other circumstances, or circumstance, upon which to rest the idea of murder, I should have hesitated in pronouncing it a case of suicide, for the wound was of such a nature that, as you say, it might have been made by Miss Armitage's own hand, or by that of another."

"Then," said Duncannon, drawing his chair nearer that of his companion, and dropping into that low, impressive tone which people unconsciously adopt when about relating something very startling, "supposing you that in that chamber there is an indisputable evidence of another person's having been there that very night—what then?"

"Why, then," said the doctor, gravely—"why, then I should be more inclined to credit your theory."

"My theory" repeated Duncannon, bitterly. "A sane man must have something more tangible than 'theories' when his life is at stake. Believe me, Doctor, I will not continue you that I am not a visionary."

"But the proof—the proof," interrupted the physician, impatiently.

In a few words Duncannon related the manner in which Norris had called attention to and identified the impression of a naked foot from Miss Armitage's room.

"Keen scent," he continued, "Robert Norris would never have considered that a decisive proof of murder, had he never have played it against me like a trump card, as it were, if there had not been truth and meaning in it. He adopted upon that impression as the last fatal evidence against me. The unusual formation of my foot is a family peculiarity. You must herself, as you may remember, had a similar superfluity, and you must know that Mr. Dudley's right foot is the same as mine. Stephenson told us last evening that he was barefooted the night of his escape; he also asserted, from positive remembrance, that it was the right foot which was the most seriously hurt, as though, to quote his own words, 'as though he had stepped on a bit of glass, or piece of sharp rock.' Now let me ask you where the garden knife was lying when you entered Miss Armitage's room. I well remember its position myself, but I beg you not, as my brain is turned by anxiety, I will trust your recollections before my own."

The physician replied:

"I distinctly remember it lay on the floor beside Miss Armitage's bed. Her right arm was stretched out and the knife lay half-way down the length of the bed, just as though the dropped knife was lying where her hand after had given herself the fatal blow."

"Precisely," replied Duncannon. "It lay on that very spot when I and the servants entered the room. Is your recollection of that night so distinct that you remember anything more about the chamber?"

"Nothing further respecting the position of the knife, save that as I approached the bedside, I should have stepped upon it, if its gleaming blade had not warned me of its presence, for it lay on so dark a spot on the carpet, that it would not otherwise have been noticed."

"Then there was where it fell, after the fatal deed was was done, and the murderer, in adjusting the body upon the bed, or flinging it back from his arm, stepped upon the sharp blade and got the wound which made the bloody impression. My own right-foot bears a scar which, had Norris noticed it, would have fixed double conviction upon me in his mind, but I got it, when a boy at school, in a foot-race. You are a physician and can tell, perhaps, if the wound is of more recent getting."

He quickly uncovered his foot, as he had before done for Norris, and submitted it to the doctor's inspection.

"You are right," the latter said, after a short examination. "That scar was undoubtedly left in childhood. It has lost the reddish hue it would have, if made at any time within the past five or six years."

Despite his former assertions, Dr. Gordon was now becoming deeply interested in his visitor's story. He no longer regarded it as a "theory," but with sincere, unaffected attention, gave heed to every word Duncannon spoke.

CHAPTER X.

A DANGEROUS VISIT.

"And so, it is upon the supposition of murder, and upon these proofs, that Robert Norris has brought this accusation against me?" said Dr. Gordon, after a few moments' pause.

"It is," replied Duncannon.

"And you think he will make out a strong case against you?"

"I have no doubt of it," the other answered. "Unsuspicious of evil myself, I have unwittingly given him every opportunity to carry out his own treacherous schemes, and he has profited by his chances. It was with difficulty that I could gain from him any respite from instant arrest and imprisonment."

"You can't mean to say," exclaimed the doctor, "that he was ever inclined to carry his resentment so far?"

"Certainly," answered Duncannon, "and why not? He really believes me guilty of this crime; yet, is it not altogether in the interest of justice that he pursues me?"

"I think it is in revenge, you told me."

"Yes, in revenge, and for the purpose of wresting from my keeping a secret which he believes I possess."

"How does he expect to win your confidence, if he accuses and persecutes you so relentlessly?"

"He agrees to abandon his prosecution, and to forever hold his peace, if I will give him the information he seeks."

The superintendent's face grew purple with indignation.

"Never *purchase* life and liberty where you have done nothing to forfeit it!" he cried. "I do not ask you what the secret is that Norris wishes to gain, but take my advice, Duncannon, and never barter life or liberty if you have right on your side, stand up for it. If you are an innocent man, assert your innocence, prove it, fight for it, but for the sake of all that is worth living for, *don't buy it!* If liberty is yours by right, don't admit even the *possibility* of any one's robbing you of it!"

"Dr. Gordon," said Duncannon, "you but echo my own sentiments; but again I must remind you that I am bound by considerations which make me quite helpless."

"What are those considerations?" asked the doctor, testily.

"They are quickly named. In the first place Norris thinks he has proved that a murder has been committed, and I cannot say but that he is right."

"Very well."

"A murder having been proved, it naturally follows that the murderer must be found."

"True."

"Norris believes that I am that murderer."

"It's a lie."

"So I also believe, my good friend, and so I know; but he has enough evidence to convict me, I can save myself by proving the real murderer, and transferring the crime from my shoulders to his."

"Then it is clearly your duty to do so."

"Do you think so? Pause a moment. Is it my duty to save myself at the cost of sacrificing *my own father?*"

"What!" gasped the doctor.

"Yes," replied Duncannon. "My father, your patient, is the real murderer."

Dr. Dudley father! repeated the physician. "I knew there was some relationship between you, but I never imagined it could be that of father and son. Indeed, you are indeed sorely beset, and I no longer wonder at the agony which see is nearly driving you frantic."

"It is indeed," replied Duncannon, in a husky voice. "I have therefore come to you, relying upon your cool, clear head and your dispassionate judgment."

The doctor remained silent for a long time. He was recalling the conversation he had had with his patient, and pondering on the various circumstances which had attended their acquaintance.

Duncannon, on his part, was thinking of quite a different matter, and was the first to speak.

"Perhaps I owe you an explanation, or an apology, for having kept my relationship to your patient a secret," he said.

"Not at all—not at all," the superintendent promptly replied, "it is quite a common thing for such relationships to be concealed. The taint of insanity in a family is a very great misfortune, and under ordinary circumstances should be hidden, if possible. I see that your interest in Mr. Dudley was founded upon some close connection, but I scarcely expected him to prove a nearer relative than a cousin or cousin. As he is your father, he is undoubtedly the brother or brother-in-law of Miss Armitage."

Duncannon replied:

"You will hardly credit me, Doctor, when I tell you that I have never been able to trace the precise degree of relationship which exists between us three. Could I do so, the point which is now strange and inexplicable would become clear. I was reared by strangers, and as I grew up was told that I had to explain whose nearest relative was Miss Armitage, of Twichley Hall, and was instructed to call aunt. Though at her death I was supposed to inherit her property as heir at law, her will, in reality, made me simply her heir in the sole existence of this relative, whom we call Mr. Dudley, until a short time before became a visitant of your house. Miss Armitage summoned me to the Park on one occasion, saying she had something of importance to communicate to me, and me alone. I obeyed her call, and then it was that she told me of Mr. Dudley's existence, speaking of him as a near relative whose unhappy state caused her the greatest anxiety. She begged me to co-operate with her in whatever plans she might form for his well-being, to which, of course, I promptly pledged myself. The solemn manner in which she charged me to deal affectionately and reverentially with him I shall never forget. She spoke to me as she would have spoken to the son of a man for whom she had great solicitude, and thus it was that I became impressed with the idea that he could be none other than my father."

"Did you never ask any questions about the matter?"

"Yes; upon one occasion, a short time after our first interview, I begged her to tell me if my impression was correct or not, and I can never banish from my mind her look when I put the question. She turned pale, raised her hands as if to ward off a blow, and besought me, as I valued her peace of mind and my own, to abandon all speculations as to my relationship with that man."

"Hmph!" said the doctor. "A woman of Miss Armitage's strong character must have had some good reason for such conduct."

"She undoubtedly had some good reason for her conduct; and as time went on, I became more than ever convinced that, as you say, the taint of insanity in my father so horrified her, that she resolved my life should not be made wretched by anticipating the same inheritance."

"And for that reason, she kept you ignorant of your relationship to Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes."

"It is quite likely," replied Dr. Gordon. "Miss Armitage was a lady of such keen sensi-

bilities herself, that I believe she would spare the feelings of others to the utmost. You, her favorite and heir, she would, of course, shield from knowledge so harrowing. Nevertheless, at this juncture in your life, it is of the greatest consequence that your precise connection should be established."

"But how can it be so established?"

"Did Miss Armitage leave no family papers which would throw light on the subject?"

"None that I have been able to discover."

"Are there no relatives, or old family servants to whom you could apply for information?"

"None. The one person likely to possess such knowledge—an old man-servant of my aunt's, named Beauchamp—died some years ago—in fact, shortly after Miss Armitage's own death."

The superintendent arose and took two or three turns about the room.

At last Duncannon asked:

"Would it be of any use to question Dudley himself? Is his mind in such a state that he would impart the information we desire?"

"I very much doubt it. I consulted the physician. 'But you may try the experiment, if you wish.'

"I will gladly do so," replied Duncannon. "It is the opportunity I sought last evening, when I asked for the privilege of an interview. Yet, I warn you, Doctor, the visit may be one which will excite your patient beyond measure. I shall not confine myself strictly to this question of relationship, but shall speak of his crime, and will boldly charge him with its commission."

"Are you ready to take the consequences of so doing?" asked the physician. "Remember that madmen, when aroused, are oftentimes most dangerous to their wife."

"I am ready to take the consequences, whatever they may be," replied Duncannon. "I feel in spirit will be sustained unto the end, for that I am prepared."

"Were your errand of less importance, I should advise you to abandon your intention," said Dr. Gordon; "but as matters stand now, it must be your only alternative."

"I look upon it as my only alternative," responded Duncannon, rising.

Both gentlemen left the room. In the corridor they encountered Stephenson, the attendant, who was in search of the doctor.

"Mr. Dudley is in a very bad way this morning, sir," he said.

"Ah, indeed," was the reply. "What seems to all him?"

"Oh, sir, as near as I can make out, it's a general uneasiness. He says he heard voices last night that kept him awake, and that he's had no trouble of some sort, I'm afraid. If I hadn't set my food down, he'd have growling since early this an hour ago and raangadin' no one knows where."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "we will visit him and see what he wants. You may go below and attend to your duties there for an hour or two."

Although thus dismissed, the man did not turn to obey. His manner was so singular that the doctor faced about and said:

"What is the matter, Stephenson? Have you anything more on your mind?"

"Excuse me, sir," the attendant returned, "but does this gentleman go with you to the wards or—"

"Certainly; he wishes to see Mr. Dudley," was the reply.

Stephenson looked gravely at the superintendent and shook his head, and, without saying anything further, went by the lower regions of the house, as the doctor had directed.

The two gentlemen ascended the stairs and passed to that part of the building where the wards were situated.

The place was quiet, except for an occasional restless sound which proceeded from a chamber at the other end of the gallery.

The doors of some of the rooms which Duncannon passed were open, showing the inmates sitting peacefully within, some basking in the morning sun which streamed through the iron bars of windows, and others engaged in reading and writing.

"Your patients are very calm this morning," observed Duncannon.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "Even more so than usual. This bright, cheerful morning has its soothing effect. Indeed, these people are tolerably good barometers. Storm or sunshine, I am so quickly affect their moods that I can predict a coming storm and the degree of it, or calmness, merely by the temper of my patients."

"We are to have fair weather for some time, then, I should judge by present indications," remarked Duncannon.

So further conversation took place between the two gentlemen, for all were now in sight of the room before the door at the end of the gallery.

It was locked, and the superintendent quickly opened it by means of the keys which he had taken from Stephenson's hands in the hall below. He preceded his visitor in entering the chamber.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dudley," he cheerfully said, on crossing the threshold.

No reply was vouchsafed to this salutation, for the person to whom it was addressed, standing in the centre of the small room, regarded his visitors with unfriendly glances.

The apartment thus entered, though not large, was made cheerful by its airy situation, its bright-hued hangings, and the cosy furniture which it contained. No one would have imagined it the chamber of a madman; yet, those familiar with the place would have known that there was an adjoining it another apartment, or, rather, closet, strongly barred and guarded, where the inmate of this chamber had spent more than one terrible season of excitement.

The person standing in the middle of the bright room, sternly regarding his visitors with severe, even malevolent glances, was a man of about sixty years of age, tall, spare in face and figure, but showing a muscular development which might have made a stranger, acquainted with his infirmity, tremble in anticipation of some outbreak.

His countenance was remarkably handsome in lineament, but the wild expression which overspread it chilled and appalled the beholder.

Disregarding the physician's pleasant "good-morning," the person looked directly over his head and beyond him toward the other individual who followed. His countenance changed when the eyes rested upon Duncannon. A flash of recognition passed over his face.

"So," he said in a harsh voice, "so, you have come back!"

Duncannon instantly stepped before the superintendent, and boldly facing the maniac, said:

"Yes, I have come back, and I have come for you."

"For me?" repeated the other, with a half-laugh, between scorn and anger.

"Yes, for you," the steady rejoinder. "Do you know who I am?"

"I do; you are he who has spoiled my life and brought me to the accursed place."

"What is his name?" asked the doctor, possibly in the hope of surprising him into some betrayal of some connection.

"Does he know?" was the question in response, as the man pointed to Duncannon.

"Yes."

"And do you know it?"

"Assuredly."

"Then I need not speak it," was the crafty reply.

He turned toward Duncannon and said:

"So, I did not mistake the sounds I heard last night. I knew you were here. I heard your voice. What brought you here?"

"I told you I came for you. You are wanted at Twibley Park."

"For what?"

"Miss Armitage wants you."

"Miss Armitage!" repeated the man, a startled look coming into his eyes.

"Yes, Miss Armitage wants you."

"What does she want with me?"

"She wants you, the man who murdered her."

"Who said that?" cried the madman, springing forward as though he would have seized Duncannon by the throat.

"I say it! Arthur Duncannon says it."

Duncannon retired from the room, leaving to Dr. Gordon with a loud laugh. "He calls himself Duncannon!"

"I see that his name is" said the doctor, warily. The man sprat himself up, as it were, like a tiger from one visitor to the other as if he would guard himself equally from both.

"I repeat," said Duncannon, "that I am come to take you to Twibley Park, for Miss Armitage wants to see her murderer."

The startled look which this announcement had at first brought to the lunatic man's eyes was now replaced by a stony, stolid stare.

Duncannon continued:

"She wants to see the man who broke away from his keepers at night, who ran barefooted and barefooted through the woods to Twibley Park, who stole into her room after she had retired, who had hard words with her, who seized her garden knife, sprang upon her, and—"

"Take care—take care!" shouted the doctor.

Duncannon's final words were left unspoken, for the man to whom they were addressed sprang toward him with glaring eyes, and gleaming teeth exposed as if for some cannibal-like assault.

The physician's warning was given none too soon. Duncannon threw back his cloak, and the maniac shot past him and fell prostrate upon the floor.

"I have been made a cat burglaring," whispered the doctor, in reproof.

What further was said was lost in a burst of maniacal laughter. The madman's frenzy seemed suddenly to have turned to wild merriment.

"So she sent you with this message, did she?" he cried. "You! you! you!" He repeated the word, taunting it pointing his finger at Duncannon, and dancing wildly about him. "You are to take me there? You are to see her together—you and I? You are to hear what he shall say? You! you! you!"

Another burst of wild laughter succeeded these words.

"Come!" he cried, seizing Duncannon by the arm; "let us go now! Let us begone before she changes her mind!"

Duncannon shook himself free from the other's grasp, and said:

"There is another place where I shall take you, after we have been to the Park."

"Where is it?" cried the madman, with the same strange merriment. "Will it be to woo—for the great town where people ride in bright carriages; where there are fine houses and dazzling lights; where there are gay funerals and sad weddings? Say, will you take me to these sad weddings, but no bride?"

Duncannon started back, and looked at the being before him with his own eyes now aflame.

"What mean you?" he gasped.

Again the unfortunate man himself back and burst forth into loud and long peals of laughter.

"Were there not to be funerals and sad weddings," he repeated. Where there are weddings, but no brides?"

Stung by this strange allusion to his own inconsolateness, Duncannon for the moment failed to realize the full meaning which the words might bear, Dr. Gordon quickly asked:

"It will be to no such place that I shall take you, Hiram Dudley. We from Twibley Park are to go to prison, where murderers are kept until the day comes for them to be led out and hanged by the neck. Will you go with us, Hiram Dudley? Miss Armitage's blood calls for vengeance upon you! Her spirit will not rest until you receive the doom you merit!"

Dudley's manner, under the influence of these words, changed from taunting bravado to abject terror; but only for a moment could he seem to be cowed and bowed down. Some diabolical thought in his mind seemed to give him back Duncannon's words, for, a second later, he again burst into a wild fit of merriment.

"Mr. Dudley," said the doctor, when the first exhibition of his unmeaning hilarity had spent its full force, "you have spoken of your protector and friend!"

"*Friend! Friend and protector!*" almost shrieked the madman. "*She* my friend and protector! And she is dead, you say? Dead! Then I shall surely sent me here to rot and die! She my friend and protector, who stole from me everything I had, even my name. Miss Armitage was a scoundrel, I tell you, a base, black-hearted—She thought she had me secured when she sent me to this vile prison, but she did not know! She did not know me, and I got even with her at last!"

Here he dropped his voice to a dread whisper, and said:

"She is very terrible when she is angry. She can make one repent having done ill," he continued, his tone on a sudden changing. "Oh, I tell you she knows how to make a man wish he had never been born! Ah, now she gets a hold on one she will not let go. Restitution—restitution was all I asked, and she only laughed at me, mocked me, and bade me obey her, if I cared to live. Yes, I cared to live, for I had not learned when angry. So cowed come!" he cried, raising his voice, and again seizing Duncannon by the arm. "Let us go to Twibley Park!"

He would have dragged him toward the door, but the other resisted, and said back.

"It is a long way," he said. You cannot go at once."

"We must! We must!" persisted the other. "Now, at once, you shall go!"

"No, not yet," replied Duncannon, still holding back. "You must wait until the morrow for the woods. Stephenson says you are a liar."

Stephenson is a liar," shouted Dudley. "My feet are well, nothing ails them."

"I will not believe it until I have seen them," replied Duncannon.

In a twinkling the maniac had cast aside both shoes and stockings. The ruse succeeded, and Duncannon evinced a degree of curiosity—or merely by the temper of my patients."

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"Does he know?" was the question in response, as the man pointed to Duncannon.

"Yes."

"And do you know it?"

"Assuredly."

"Then I need not speak it," was the crafty reply.

He turned toward Duncannon and said:

"So, I did not mistake the sounds I heard last night. I knew you were here. I heard your voice. What brought you here?"

"I told you I came for you. You are wanted at Twibley Park."

"For what?"

"Miss Armitage wants you."

"Miss Armitage!" repeated the man, a startled look coming into his eyes.

"Yes, Miss Armitage wants you."

"What does she want with me?"

"She wants you, the man who murdered her."

"Who said that?" cried the madman, springing forward as though he would have seized Duncannon by the throat.

"I say it! Arthur Duncannon says it."

Duncannon retired from the room, leaving to Dr. Gordon with a loud laugh. "He calls himself Duncannon!"

"I see that his name is" said the doctor, warily. The man strut himself up, as it were, like a tiger from one visitor to the other as if he would guard himself equally from both.

"I repeat," said Duncannon, "that I am come to take you to Twibley Park, for Miss Armitage wants to see her murderer."

The startled look which this announcement had at first brought to the lunatic man's eyes was now replaced by a stony, stolid stare.

Duncannon continued:

"She wants to see the man who broke away from his keepers at night, who ran barefooted and barefooted through the woods to Twibley Park, who stole into her room after she had retired, who had hard words with her, who seized her garden knife, sprang upon her, and—"

"Take care—take care!" shouted the doctor.

Duncannon's final words were left unspoken, for the man to whom they were addressed sprang toward him with glaring eyes, and gleaming teeth exposed as if for some cannibal-like assault.

The physician's warning was given none too soon. Duncannon threw back his cloak, and the maniac shot past him and fell prostrate upon the floor.

"I have been made a cat burglaring," whispered the doctor, in reproof.

What further was said was lost in a burst of maniacal laughter. The madman's frenzy seemed suddenly to have turned to wild merriment.

"So she sent you with this message, did she?" he cried. "You! you! you!" He repeated the word, taunting it pointing his finger at Duncannon, and dancing wildly about him. "You are to take me there? You are to see her together—you and I? You are to hear what he shall say? You! you! you!"

Another burst of wild laughter succeeded these words.

"Come!" he cried, seizing Duncannon by the arm; "let us go now! Let us begone before she changes her mind!"

Duncannon shook himself free from the other's grasp, and said:

"There is another place where I shall take you, after we have been to the Park."

"Where is it?" cried the madman, with the same strange merriment. "Will it be to woo—for the great town where people ride in bright carriages; where there are fine houses and dazzling lights; where there are gay funerals and sad weddings? Say, will you take me to these sad weddings, but no bride?"

Duncannon started back, and looked at the being before him with his own eyes now aflame.

"What mean you?" he gasped.

Again the unfortunate man himself back and burst forth into loud and long peals of laughter.

"Were there not to be funerals and sad weddings," he repeated. Where there are weddings, but no brides?"

Stung by this strange allusion to his own inconsolateness, Duncannon for the moment failed to realize the full meaning which the words might bear, Dr. Gordon quickly asked:

"It will be to no such place that I shall take you, Hiram Dudley. We from Twibley Park are to go to prison, where murderers are kept until the day comes for them to be led out and hanged by the neck. Will you go with us, Hiram Dudley? Miss Armitage's blood calls for vengeance upon you! Her spirit will not rest until you receive the doom you merit!"

Dudley's manner, under the influence of these words, changed from taunting bravado to abject terror; but only for a moment could he seem to be cowed and bowed down. Some diabolical thought in his mind seemed to give him back Duncannon's words, for, a second later, he again burst into a wild fit of merriment.

"*Friend! Friend and protector!*" almost shrieked the madman. "*She* my friend and protector! And she is dead, you say? Dead! Then I shall surely sent me here to rot and die! She my friend and protector, who stole from me everything I had, even my name. Miss Armitage was a scoundrel, I tell you, a base, black-hearted—She thought she had me secured when she sent me to this vile prison, but she did not know! She did not know me, and I got even with her at last!"

Here he dropped his voice to a dread whisper, and said:

"She is very terrible when she is angry. She can make one repent having done ill," he continued, his tone on a sudden changing. "Oh, I tell you she knows how to make a man wish he had never been born! Ah, now she gets a hold on one she will not let go. Restitution—restitution was all I asked, and she only laughed at me, mocked me, and bade me obey her, if I cared to live. Yes, I cared to live, for I had not learned when angry. So cowed come!" he cried, raising his voice, and again seizing Duncannon by the arm. "Let us go to Twibley Park!"

He would have dragged him toward the door, but the other resisted, and said back.

"It is a long way," he said. You cannot go at once."

"We must! We must!" persisted the other. "Now, at once, you shall go!"

"No, not yet," replied Duncannon, still holding back. "You must wait until the morrow for the woods. Stephenson says you are a liar."

Stephenson is a liar," shouted Dudley. "My feet are well, nothing ails them."

"I will not believe it until I have seen them," replied Duncannon.

In a twinkling the maniac had cast aside both shoes and stockings. The ruse succeeded, and Duncannon evinced a degree of curiosity—or merely by the temper of my patients."

"We are to have fair weather for some time, then, I should judge by present indications," remarked Duncannon.

So further conversation took place between the two gentlemen, for all were now in sight of the room before the door at the end of the gallery.

It was locked, and the superintendent quickly opened it by means of the keys which he had taken from Stephenson's hands in the hall below. He preceded his visitor in entering the chamber.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dudley," he cheerfully said, on crossing the threshold.

No reply was vouchsafed to this salutation, for the person to whom it was addressed, standing in the centre of the small room, regarded his visitors with unfriendly glances.

The apartment thus entered, though not large, was made cheerful by its airy situation, its bright-hued hangings, and the cosy furniture which it contained. No one would have imagined it the chamber of a madman; yet, those familiar with the place would have known that there was an adjoining it another apartment, or, rather, closet, strongly barred and guarded, where the inmate of this chamber had spent more than one terrible season of excitement.

The person standing in the middle of the bright room, sternly regarding his visitors with severe, even malevolent glances, was a man of about sixty years of age, tall, spare in face and figure, but showing a muscular development which might have made a stranger, acquainted with his infirmity, tremble in anticipation of some outbreak.

His countenance was remarkably handsome in lineament, but the wild expression which overspread it chilled and appalled the beholder.

Disregarding the physician's pleasant "good-morning," the person looked directly over his head and beyond him toward the other individual who followed. His countenance changed when the eyes rested upon Duncannon. A flash of recognition passed over his face.

"So," he said in a harsh voice, "so, you have come back!"

Duncannon instantly stepped before the superintendent, and boldly facing the maniac, said:

"Yes, I have come back, and I have come for you."

"For me?" repeated the other, with a half-laugh, between scorn and anger.

"Yes, for you," the steady rejoinder. "Do you know who I am?"

"I do; you are he who has spoiled my life and brought me to the accursed place."

"What is his name?" asked the doctor, possibly in the hope of surprising him into some betrayal of some connection.

"Does he know?" was the question in response, as the man pointed to Duncannon.

"Yes."

"And do you know it?"

"Assuredly."

"Then I need not speak it," was the crafty reply.

He turned toward Duncannon and said:

"So, I did not mistake the sounds I heard last night. I knew you were here. I heard your voice. What brought you here?"

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"For what?"

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"What does she want with me?"

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"She wants to see the man who broke away from his keepers at night, who ran barefooted and barefooted through the woods to Twibley Park, who stole into her room after she had retired, who had hard words with her, who seized her garden knife, sprang upon her, and—"

"Take care—take care!" shouted the doctor.

Duncannon's final words were left unspoken, for the man to whom they were addressed sprang toward him with glaring eyes, and gleaming teeth exposed as if for some cannibal-like assault.

"LOVE'S WEDDING-RING."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

It was not given with rubbies and pearls.
It was neither grand nor wide,
The tiny, delicate ring that graced
The beautiful hand of my bride;
But it glowed with the tenderest dream of life,
And a glimpse of youth still ling'
To that fairy, shining circlet of gold
That I call "Love's wedding-ring."

My bonny bride came home with me
A score of years ago;
Her hair was as bright as a thrush's wing,
And her voice was soft and low
And we played at keeping house, I think,
Very much as children do,
When they go into the woods and pour the tea,
Where the party is only two.

But there's never a home where *all* days are bright,
And when the fairies came,
And sickness and trouble followed fast,
My bride was ever the same:
Her tender faith never seemed to tire
In their dutiful labors of love,
And I often blessed my fortune and bride
To our radiant home above.

And when our Jamie's breath was stilled,
And silently he was laid
She kissed his lips, and gently said:
"One lad is safe for aye."
And her twilight song by the children's beds,
Now a sweeter memory grew,
As she sang of *his* home, and thea of that,
For the d.r, dead Jamie's sake.

Sweet blossoms rose in the roomside sun,
Or are chilled by the wintry snow;
But as the love that sanctifies our hearts
A score of years ago:
We'll keep love's dream and ring, for the days
Will be magical gain.

FOUND GUILTY;
OR, THE
Marquis's Vindication.
By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

CHAPTER XLV.
FOLLOWING A LEADER.

The eventful Thursday, the events of which had been anticipated for the second dinner-party at Mount Hazon, had arrived. During the days that had intervened since the preceding Thursday, Lady Vivian Clyffe had walked every evening in the moonlight upon the terrace, with Herne of Clyffebourne, but she had not seen aught the presence of "perfect" whose eyes and figure had so startled her. She had ridden every day on Lord Vivian's steed, to Mount Heron village, but had obtained no trace of him. She had made most elaborate and delicate inquiry in the household at Clyffebourne, and in the village, but no one had seen him. Two

faction, and then meditated upon her future course.

Her blood bounded in her veins as she realized how much her discovery was worth to her father. It meant for him safety, reinstatement in his rightful position, honors, rank, wealth. Might it not mean reunion with the wife who had been divorced from him, and whom she believed to be yet truelied to the present Marquis of Mountheron?

What was she to do? She could not go to and to see her father, and then acquaint him with the glad news of her discovery. She could not inform the police of Renard's supposed guilt; she was bound to silence until her father should release her from her promise of absolute secrecy.

And then came doubts if, after all, Renard's guilt might be construed as proof positive of her father's innocence. Might not people believe in the possession of the jewels in some plausible manner? Was their possession absolute proof that he had killed his former master, whom he had hated, or was it simply proof presumptive?

"My work is not done yet," she thought, with a sigh. "I have made a grand beginning; I must follow it up. I have fairly entered upon my great task, but more hard work is before me. I will stay behind Lady Vivian in Cornwall. I will assume the last marquis's name, and my position might may be thrown upon this matter. At any rate, I have made Renard's guilt doubtful, and that I shall not rest until it is clear to all the world."

A faint sound came from the stairs under the pulpit. Renard had locked the crypt and was returning. The girl's terror of him quickened the sound of his step. What if he were to find her? He would surely kill her. With a swift impulse she stooped and crept under the broad seat, its valance falling over her.

That impulse saved her.

Renard came along the aisle, sat like and stared. The door of the pew had been left ajar; he opened it carelessly and looked in. It was too dark for him to see that the cushions were disarranged with Alex's cheek, or that there were tiny footprints in the dust of the floor. He shut the door, one was seated on the cushions, and never thought to look beneath the seat, where a pair of dark, wild eyes were hidden away, and where a slender, trembling figure crouched in a delirium of terror.

Whistling softly to himself, he passed on. At the door of the chapel he halted again for quite a little time, and Alex dared not stir. Finally the door was closed softly, and he departed.

The girl did not emerge from her concealment until quite sure that he would not return. Then she crept out, brushed the dust from her wet garments, and stole into the aisle. She did not breathe freely until she had reached the outer rotunda, and she did not linger here. Careful to avoid an observation, she returned to the colony nade, and walked to and fro in feverish excitement.

It was nearly an hour after that, when she slowly and wearily ascended the stairs to her room. At the upper landing she encountered Pierre Renard, sleek as ever, and quiet and the acutable of visage. She drew aside with involuntary repulsion, and he noticed it, and her eyes were downcast and her cheeks white as snow.

He regarded her suspiciously.

"Where have you been in the rain, Mademoiselle?" he asked, brusquely.

"I have been walking upon the colonnade," answered Alex, quietly.

She would have passed on, but he barred the way.

"Shall you stay at the castle?" he demanded; "or shall you go to London with the Lady Vivian?"

Alex looked up now, and there was an impulsive flash in the sapphire eyes, a haughtiness across the low brow, a scorn in the curl of the proud mouth that impressed him singularly, and inspired him with a sudden misgiving and a respectful hesitation.

"It can make no difference to Lord Mountheron's valet where she stays," she said, icily.

Stand aside."

An imperious wave of the little hand gave emphasis to the command.

Involuntarily, Renard stepped aside. Alex passed on, entering her own chamber. Renard stared at the door, when she had closed it.

"She knows that I am her enemy," he said to himself. "She knows that I intend to destroy her that day when the *Heron* capsized. She knows much. I'd give a great deal if I knew just how much her spying has amounted to. I begin to believe that, though she is only a girl, she is a real genius. I'll make a third effort to destroy her—and I won't make a third failure. You're clearing my little lady, but you're no match for Pierre Renard!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BRIDE'S ORDEAL.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NINE DAYS' WONDER.

None o'er saw but smiled,
Or change her countenance for this report;
A heart composed and free from meaner cares
The purest spring is not so free from soil
As she in clear from evil.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was the evening of the same day on which Erma Wolfsohn had been married in the parlor on her way home, accompanied by one whom they were pleased to designate as a suspicious-looking stranger.

The sun had set, but the silver glow of a warm twilight was shining on river, field and woods in their rich autumnal hues.

Within the spacious kitchen at Darkwood, all was comfortable and cheery.

Old Minty, having finished her household work, sat before the ample, open fireplace, watching her tea-kettle as it hung suspended over the blaze, and her Johnny-cake as it baked slowly before the coals.

A square oak table, covered with a clean crash cloth, was set for two people, and provided with a cold leg of pork and a plate of pickled cucumbers.

Old Minty had a habit of talking to herself, by which she had acquired the habit of talking to others.

She was mumbling over her cares and troubles even now, as she sat in the warmth and light of the blazing wood fire.

"Not to write to none of us! Not to send no message to we dem colored people! 'Bove all, not to come home, when she said she would, in two weeks!

"She been gone free week last Tuesday mornin', and now it 's gone on Sunday week! Dat 's a month dis fire ob Debrowe!

"People ax me how she gone, and how long she gwine stay, an' when she comin' back, till my life 'bout take gone an' I 'bout ax me if I 'bout ole Debrowe de fire on Fourth o' July!

"Not as I blames my young thing, nor like write 'spickens her de least bit in de world! No, indeed; not wit' sendin' people dem fine, new-fangled letters an' notions 'bout her! Somethin's wrong! Somethin's berry wrong, I kno'!

Such was the burden of old Minty's self-communion, while she sat before the fire, watching and turning her Johnny cake.

She was interrupted, at length, by the entrance of old Septimus, her fellow-servant, who closed the door behind him, took his pipe from his mouth, no piece, filled and lighted it from the coals on the old chair in the chimney-corner to smoke at his leisure.

"You 's late, ole man," remarked Aunt Minty.

"Yes, honey; I was seein' to fixin outside, 'parin' for de sudden change in de weather. Dere 's gwine to be a hard frost to-night, I tell yer," replied old Septimus, as he removed his pipe for a moment and stuffed his rough, black forefinger down in the glowing bowl to pack the burning tobacco closer.

"Yes, it 's chilly. I been bothered 'bout de fire all de afternoon," said Minty, shivering.

"Has yer, shile? Well, we 's gettin' ole—you an' me—an' nothin' don't keep we warm.

"Gettin' ole, ole man! I fink we 's done got ole, long ago."

"But 's so, chile; but de later de night, de nearer de mornin'; an' de later de winter, de nearer de spring; an de older de man an' de woman, de heaven 'll 'sun be now dere!" replied Septimus.

"So am I, trudder Septimus. But please to tell me, Brudder, ober again wat dat pos'-master said to you dis mornin' when you went arter de letters."

"Oh, I 'll tell yer well 'nough, chile. I aint got time now; I got to go put some wood on de parlor fire, an' be dinin' room an' bedroom fires," the old man exclaimed, as he arose and laid his pipe on the mantle-piece.

"De ole people keepin' fires up all de time, a lookin' for dem wot neber comes back, nor neber writes, nor sben' no message!" muttered Minty.

"It 's de look like lost labor, as I hab been doin' for de las' week or mo'; but den, dough she don't come yet, she might drop down right on top of us, any minute," said Septimus.

"Yes, so she might; an' 'sides which, de fires do make de house look mo' cheerful-like," replied Minty.

"So dey do," admitted the old man, as he left the kitchen.

Minty took off the kettle of boiling water, made the tea and set it to drawing, took up her Johnny-cake, cut it in slices, and put it between two hot plates to keep warm on the hearth, and then sat down again to wait.

In a short time Septimus returned and then she put the tea and Johnny-cake on the table, and they sat down to supper.

"Now, ole man, tell me wot de pos'-master said to yer dis mornin'," said Minty, as she handed him a steaming bowl of tea.

"Wat, shile? Nuffin 'ticular, 'cept'n' chile. I nebber could talk an' eat at de same time," replied Septimus, with his mouth full of pork and Johnny-cake.

"Berry well, Brudder Septimus," said Minty, sharply; "I was willin' to wait for her backbitin', to put them away.

"I 'clare de time she had made the kitchen tidy, and sat down at the fire with her knitting, her old feelins' an' mine 'bout her a-boilin', and had it upon de shelf, 'fore you 'd say nuffin' to be asked again.

"Now, will yer tell me wot de pos'-master say 'bout our young miss, 'fore I 'splode away, an' stayin' up so long!" inquired Minty.

"Wat—will I tell—smokin' my pipe. I nebber could smoke an' talk at de same time," replied Septimus, with his mouth full of pork and Johnny-cake.

Berry well, Brudder," again meekly responded Minty, determined to wait for her backbiting, to put them away.

The old woman had made the kitchen tidy, and sat down at the fire with her knitting, her old feelings and mine 'bout her a-boilin', and had it upon de shelf, 'fore you 'd say nuffin' to be asked again.

"Now, will yer tell me wot de pos'-master say 'bout our young miss 'fore I 'splode away, an' stayin' up so long!" inquired Minty.

"Wat—will I tell—smokin' my pipe. I nebber could smoke an' talk at de same time," replied Septimus, with his mouth full of pork and Johnny-cake.

Berry well, Brudder," again meekly responded Minty, determined to wait for her backbiting, to put them away.

"Well, den, I 'll tell yer wot de pos'-master say 'bout our young miss,

ELAINE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Just when her spring was at its best,
With blooms and song and sunshine rife—
When in her sweet soul unconfessed,
Love lode, a rosy, smiling guest—
The budding grace, the morning zest,
The thronging pulses' joyous strife,
The mystery that we call *life*,
Was stilled within her gentle breast!

" She lies like some fair flower," I said,
" After the sunshine bright is brief;
Folded in happy sleep—not dead—
As folds a white rose, leaf on leaf,
When twilight's shadowy arms are shed—
Unheeded of my love and grief,
Folded in happy sleep!" I said.

" By some sweet spell of pense possessed,
Stirless she lies, from chin to fore,
In many a fragrant, snowy fold,
Her vesture drawn: half-blown and sweet.
Her hands a fair cognizance hold—
A lily and a rose entwined,
As if some tender soul divined
The symbol of her life most meet!

" Her locks just touched with morning gold,
Wreathed like a nimbus round her head—
Rosemary on her pillow spread—
Fair as some poet's dream of old
By an immortal's art expressed
In sculptured beauty's rarest mould,
A sleeping vestal, chaste and cold,
Unsullied innocence as rest,
And all in maiden whiteness drest,
Folded in happy dreams—not dead—
My darling lies," I said.

THE BERTRAM CLOCK.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Madam Bertram was a childless widow and rich. Cliff and Eria Bertram were two orphans, remote cousins to each other, and distantly related to madam's deceased husband. Madam wished them to be her heirs, took them to live with her at Bertram Heights, while children, and hoped they would marry as soon as they were old enough.

The Bertram clock had been made, long before, by a Bertram, who had a passion for mechanics, and it was considered a great curiosity.

It was built to represent a castle, with turrets and towers and queer little pointed windows. It stood at the end of the great hall, and was large enough for several men to stand inside.

There was a tradition, that, originally, the tall ebony door in front used to open precisely at half-past three P. M., and a procession come forth, bearing a coffin and chanting the burial service. But the ebony door was locked now, and no one ever tried to open it. The key, indeed, was said to have been lost long ago, and the great, beautiful ivory hands of the clock had stopped at half-past three.

"Because its maker died at that hour, a hundred years ago," said Felix, the old family steward, to the children. "They have never moved since. And they do say that whoever can make those hands move again, will be the greatest Bertram yet."

"Cliff will do it when he gets big, you will see," said Eria, confidently. "Cliff can do anything, and he is to marry me, madam says, and we are to live at Bertram Heights always. So, he will have plenty of time."

"Heaven grant that I may live to see them married," sighed madam, who had heard this.

But she did not. She died when Cliff was twenty and Eria twenty-one.

In less than a month after, trouble began.

A very ugly, little old man appeared at Bertram Heights, one morning, calling himself madam's heir, and Cliff and Eria interlopers.

"Madam did have a brother," said Eria.

"But he died," returned Cliff. "I have often heard her talk about it. He died out there in India. Eria, I am sorry this is not madam's brother, but we cannot prove it. He says you may stay if you like. I will go and see what I can find out about him, and about the other's death, and come back to you."

"But I can't possibly live without you," sobbed Eria.

"Oh, yes you can. If you do not, there is nowhere else you can go, and he will make us both beggars. We cannot help ourselves."

"He will make me marry that yellow little boy of his. I know he will."

The "yellow little boy," was a man of twenty-five, but shorter of stature than his father, and uglier if possible.

"He cannot make you; you are your own mistress," said Cliff. "And whether I succeed or not, I will come back to you in a year. I shall be twenty-one then."

"Will you surely come?"

"A year from to-day, at half-past three," he said, laughing as he pointed at the old clock. "I will be here. The train comes in at two. Look for me after that."

"If you do not come, I shall die. Mind that. I shall die," said Eria, solemnly.

She was right to be afraid of madam's pretended brother and his "little boy," as she scornfully called him.

Cliff had not been gone two weeks, before they began worrying her about marrying the son, who called himself Rupert Devere.

Madam had been a Devere before she married. When they found coaxing would not do, they resorted to sterner measures, trying by threats, and every means short of personal violence, to subdue her to their wishes. But she only laughed at them.

"I am going to marry Cliff," she said. "In a year from the day he went away, he is coming for me."

They started and looked at each other when she said that.

"He must never come here again," said the father to the son, when they were alone. And from that hour they watched for him like assassins.

"He will never come," they said to Eria.

"I am so sure that he will," the girl answered defiantly, "that I am willing to promise you now, to marry Rupert if he does not."

Ah! how they watched for him then!

As the day approached on which Cliff had said he would come, father and son made ostentatious preparations for the wedding they meant should take place on that day.

Eria smiled in scorn.

"You are very kind," she said, "to take so much trouble for my marriage to Cliff."

On the morning of that day, she rose and dressed herself gayly in white, and adorned herself with flowers.

"He will come," she said, "and he likes to see me so."

But she was whiter than the lilies on her breast. Rupert watched her as she peered from one of the tall casements and looked away toward the station.

He thought he had never in his life seen anything so fair as Eria, in her white dress, with the lilies in her hair and on her breast, as he went up to her smiling with his great ugly mouth.

"Sweet Eria," he said, "he will not come, I know he will not, and you have promised to be my wife if he does not."

"He will come if he is alive," said Eria, looking at him with her beautiful steady eyes.

"Alive?" stammered Rupert, turning pale. Then she leaned from the window again.

It was two o'clock. Eria could see the smoke of the incoming train curling up through the trees.

"He can come from the station in half an hour," she said, putting her hand to her heart.

But the half hour did not bring him.

Looking round she saw Rupert standing in a dark corner, his face white, his eyes sneering.

"There is a whole hour yet," she said, lifting her eyes to where the old clock pointed the moveless hands at half-past three, "and the sweet eyes were anxious, the delicate lips quivered a little.

Rupert crossed over to her.

"He will never come; you know it," he said. "He could easily have been here by this. He has forgotten you."

Eria turned upon him haughtily:

"He will come," she said. "I am as sure of it, as that I see my dear madam's clock there," and she went toward it.

Rupert followed her.

"The priest will be here at half-past three," he said. "If Cliff Bertram has not come by then, you are to marry me."

Eria did not answer, but went and pressed her mouth against the ebony door of the clock.

"Dear, old clock," she whispered, "bring him back to me."

Then it seemed to her that she heard a sound of movement behind the door.

"There is some one in there," she said, with her white lips. "I should not wonder if it were he."

Rupert laughed aloud.

"Listen!" said Eria, solemnly.

Then they both heard a sound as if the great golden pendulum had begun to tick, and then there was a whir and buzz. "*Ow, how,*" burst out a sweet, silver bell somewhere. The old clock that had not spoken in a hundred years, had struck the half-hour.

Rupert was staring with startling eyes at the great white hands upon the topmost tower.

"*It moves,*" he said, in a hollow whisper.

Eria's eyes were fastened on the ebony door. *It moved*—so a little, and a little more, as if its hinges were stiff and slow with long disuse. She stood with her hands clasped, her voice fallen in a breathless agitation.

"Cliff, oh Cliff, is it you?" she whispered.

The door was wide open now, and in Cliff Bertram stood, tall, straight and smiling. Behind him came a man with anger, fairly eye-balled over his shoulder at Rupert.

At a word from Cliff they passed to the front and before poor Rupert had got over shaking and trembling at the sight of *him*, whom

he took for a ghost, they had his hands in irons.

The father, hearing the fray, and coming in, they secured him also, and marched them both off to prison. They were impostors, fugitives from justice, for whose search had long been made in vain.

"I thought you were a ghost, Cliff," said Eria, as she clung to him hysterically.

"I might have been," he answered, "if our friends who have gone, had laid their way. They sent a man after me to try and kill me, but I escaped, and came here with the express last night; but the old man was away, so we had to wait, and I hid us in the closet. The key! oh, no. The lock was rusty and gave way as soon as we touched it."

"And it was you who started the clock?"

He laughed:

"Yes. I took it against the pendulum two or three times in the dark there, and, the first I knew, it was going."

"Didn't I always tell you, Felix," said Eria, turning to the old steward, who stood looking smilingly on, "that Cliff would make the clock go some time?"

"I never did, but never stopped since. But I don't vouch for the story.

MADAME RHODELLE'S GHOST STORY.

"My servant man, Pierrot," said the old lady, "came to me with a little wife that I occupied during a year that I spent in Italy. It was a musically old place enough, and he was a quaint old man, who looked as battered and weather-stained as the statues that hid amongst the vines and shrubbery in the garden; but I liked the seclusion of the spot, and I liked Pierrot, too, for he was an Italian, but his mother was Swiss, and he was more faithful than Italian servants are general. He had a peculiarly charming way of waiting, and saw to the comfort of all the guests, at any of the villa parties I gave, in the most wonderful manner. Above all, he had a soft step, and never slammed a door. I considered him a treasure.

"If I had time, I could tell you a thousand stories about Pierrot's wife; but what you want is to hear about my ghost, so we will come at once to the day when I had invited twelve friends to dine with me at the villa, and when Pierrot came to me in the morning and asked permission to go to Naples to receive money, which one, who had borrowed of him, was to pay him that day. 'Madame,' he said, 'only for a few hours;' but I listened to the request with horror.

"'Pierrot,' I said, 'I cannot bear to refuse you, but what should I do if you were to be detained? it is a long way to Naples, and you know of my party to-night.'

"'I shall not forget, Madame,' he said. 'I shall return in time for dinner, in the most wonderful manner. Above all, be had a soft step, and never slammed a door. I considered him a treasure.

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"'So I let him go. I knew he would return if he were possible. My only doubt was the possibility.

"The day passed on. I took my midday lunch and siesta, and even when I had had my dinner felt no anxiety about Pierrot's return. But as it grew dark, and still the figure of the old man did not enter at the gate, my heart sank within me.

"Twenty times, at least, did I send to the kitchen to inquire. Twenty times I received the reply, 'Not yet, Madame.' At last, the guests became manifest. My guests were arriving, but Pierrot was not there. My party would be a failure, with the only being who could make a salad, or properly attend to the rooms, absent. I was in the direst distress as to what best I could to my other servants, and turned my attention to the duties of hostess. However, I was in despair; so fancy my joy, when, having postponed the act to the latest moment, I rang the bell for refreshments, to see the door open and Pierrot enter as usual, dressed in his old livery, but not there. A great fear, I looked tired and pale. Evidently he had made great exertions to be present in time, but they had not been wholly successful.

"'Pierrot!' I cried. 'I know now why he was so pale. He must be suffering—'

"'No, Madame,' he said. 'He suffers no more. Since the hour of sunset he has been lying dead in the hospital. Before he died he cried out sensibly, that he must search and keep my promise.' Perhaps Madame understands it.'

"I did. At least, I have always thought so. There were thirteen of us together. We all love Pierrot. We were all, indeed, much depressed. I am as certain as I am of my own existence that Pierrot's dying grief why returned that night to wait upon us. But if so, it never came again. Pierrot had nothing on his conscience. He had been faithful in the few things that were given to him. He could rest in peace.

Then Madame Rhodelle ceased talking, and Samuel herself, looked as if he, too, had died that the whole story was true, although every one of her hearers doubted it.

SCIENCE.

It is well known that many animals show a dread of thunder. In a communication to *Nature*, Mr. George J. Romanes suggests that this dread is due to a sense of the mysterious. "I am led to think this," he says, "because a dog has a better whole-hearted thunder till he was eighteen months old, and on that occasion he was afraid of it for the first time. He fright, as I have seen other animals do under various circumstances." Mr. Romanes' dog, Rover, also produced a similar effect upon the dog; but a tractor of the former companion soon reassured him. The cause of the dog to the cannon, so that the cause of the dog's fear was not the noise, but the mysterious, as no longer heard and seen.

Professor Alexander Agassiz has communicated a note to the *American Journal of Science and Arts* in support of Mr. C. D. Walcott's theory that the Trilobites, which living, probably swam on their backs. This theory is based on the discovery of a number of specimens in Florida, in which the reversed hydrogen on the back of Chevalier, who was then a prominent French physician. Although he received a large sum of money from France for his invention of the Rubinkorff coil, at the French exhibition of 1867, he died penniless in 1868, he devoted almost all his income to scientific purposes and left no fortune behind him.

Anthropologists have been much puzzled to account for the origin of the rude pebbles which are found sculptured on the rocks in some parts of Switzerland. They have been regarded as the hieroglyphics of an ancient people, by some writers, while others have been attracted to the notion of Hamlet's, Frenchman, however, now offers a simple solution of the problem by accounting for them as the work of birds, who engraved them while engaged in the monotonous occupation of sharpening their beaks.

An edible earth, of which sheep are very fond, occurs in the Mackenzie country of the South Island of New Zealand, where it forms a range of low clay hills. The sheepmen think the animals eat it on account of the salt it contains, and an analysis lately made in England indicates that their supposition is correct. The sheep which eat this clay are mortiferous, and they consume a great deal of it without appearing to be at present in any way injured.

We recently mentioned the success of M. Colladon in liquefying nitric acid, a substance heretofore considered to be incompressible. M. Colladon has not yet been reduced to the liquid form then condensed on ice, liquefied, and kept in a glass tube. M. Colladon, of Geneva, has since effected the liquefaction of carbonic acid gas, which he has done by the use of cold and pressure, and has reduced hydrogen to the condition of an opaque mist.

The Rev. Samuel Haughton recently read a paper before the Royal Society of London on a new method of finding the greatest or certain geological periods. He says that the rocks of the earth's crust have been heated and cooled at different rates, and indicates that the smallest limit which can be assigned to geological time is 100,000,000 years.

Among some flints, arrow-points, and pre-historic implements from Lower Egypt, recently exhibited before the Ethnological Society of London, were the fragments of horses' teeth. The teeth appear to have been ground into shape, and in order to form objects which are not now known. They were found near the Nile, sixteen miles south of Cairo.

The Rev. Horace Waller, an English clergyman and geographer, well known for his interests in African exploration, has received intelligence from Central Africa that Livingstone has been murdered by natives. Mr. Rhodes of Kaffa has been around the Albert Nyanza, or lake of Albert Edward, and finds it to be a comparatively small and land-locked body of water.

According to Mr. H. W. Chisholm, the English warden of the standards of weight and measure, plaster in the metal which best fulfills the conditions of permanence requisite in a standard of weight.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES says: "Although I have had good education, been among gentlemen, taught in a Sabbath school, and belonged to a literary society, yet I have never learned to converse well. It seems as if, when I said anything to say, I couldn't find speech. I cannot give expression to my desires, thoughts, feelings, or sensibilities. I would like to make myself agreeable in society as a companion. I read a great deal, yet, for all I never have anything appropriate to say in conversation. It seems my faculties are too sluggish: often, when reading, I comprehend somewhat what I am reading about, try to understand, or analyze it, but it seems as if my mind were wedded, and I could not think. As there are way by which the faculties might from sticking so? Is there any way by which I can overcome this? I am anxious to be of use in society, because I am no society at all. How may one rise above these and become an acceptable and pleasing companion? If people sometimes do give me their company, it seems as if it were a favor conferred. I would give a great deal if I could by study or otherwise, become acceptable company. I think there is nothing more desirable than to be respected and sought as a companion and friend, to be able to converse well, and intelligibly, to be a man among men. It seems, with all my reading and study, I am not. I have become worse. If I study anything, it is soon forgotten. If I hear a sermon, or lecture, when I get home I cannot remember one thought till the next Sabbath. How can the mind be improved? Can it be by study, or by some other in a discourse? Or, in reading a book, or article in a paper, how can I remember it? I have thought the idea of what to hear or read to obtain knowledge was to be of something a little talk made to get from it. Please help me, if you can, by suggesting some course of study, or reading, or anything we do not believe you are nearly so dull and uninteresting as you represent yourself to be in your letter. No rule can be laid down for conversation. Most persons thinking on the subject of conversation. They wish to talk like books or leading articles. Do not attempt this. Begin with the least thing, and say what you think about them. The greatest bore in life is a talker for talk's sake.

J. D. (Farmer City, Ill.) says: "Among the many that spoke to you from Bethlehem, are you desirous to become one. The subject I have in view is this: There seems to be a desire, amounting to a passion in return to the real age of this earth on which we dwell; some reckon from the creation of Adam to Christ 4 B. C. for greater antiquity than what the chronology of the Bible will allow. Others, again, from the time of the deluge to the present, but the medium of the *Ledger*. Also, another matter, that seems to partake intimately with the above, I would be greatly pleased to hear from you on, viz., the six days alluded to in the first chapter of Genesis, pertaining to the creation of this earth. I wish your opinion as to whether it means days of twenty-four hours, or does it allude to long definite periods of time. I do not know as it would be proper for me to offer opinions on these, or any of the above subjects, after a solicitation of years, further than this: that in reference to the six days of the creation, I understand the word days of twenty-four hours each is a correct impression. The evening and the morning were the first day.' The six days of creation, and the seventh day of rest. Adam was created on the sixth day. Right?" As to the first of the questions you yet, when Geology was yet young, and very crude, and not by any means Mosaic creation, and the date of man's coming on the earth, very far back. But with increasing knowledge these estimates have been corrected, and the drift of science is toward the Mosaic chronology. The researches into the glacial action over the surface of Michigan are among the finest in the world. In answer to the second point there is still diversity of opinion, some holding the 'day-period,' and some to twenty-four-hours day. It is of more consequence, however, that the order of events recorded in the narrative is being corroborated by science. You had better provide yourself with Principal Dawson's work, *Nature and the Bible*.

JENNIE S. says: "I am a widow with one child, a little boy. I am twenty-eight years old. I have been keeping company with a gentleman, about my own age, for the last ten months. I have been engaged to him for the last six months. He has never said a word openly from me, as he is not one to say very often, but lately he does not come at all, but writes to me and says he does not love me as ever, and he wants me to keep my promise. During the time that we have been engaged he has never given me any sort of amusement, or given me a present of any kind, not even an engagement ring. He is wealthy as to money and has plenty of time to take me out. He has a cousin that he is often with, and I think she is very pretty and handsome she is, and that his folks are very sixty. But I have told him very often that he ought to marry her, but he always says no—he intends to suit himself. Still, but he always says no—he intends to suit himself. Still, but he always says no—he intends to suit himself. Still